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Corea the Land of the Morning Calm.

(Archer Butler Hulbert, former Editor of 'The Corean Independent,' in the 'Youth's Companion.')

[Corea has been the cause of each of the four foreign wars of Japan. Although the annals of the first are lost in the obscurity of prehistoric times, the legendary promise of the Corean king at its close is familiar to every Japanese: 'Until the rivers flow backward I and my people will remain tributary to Japan.' What the outcome of the present conflict will be it is impossible to predict, but all must hope that the ancient beacon-fires will soon be relighted and flash from every hilltop to the ruler of Corea the glad tidings that his country is at peace.]

A newcomer to Corea might call it a land where everything is done backward. Although it is no larger than Utah, and has a population perhaps not much greater than that of the State of New York, probably no other land can boast customs which seem so odd to the foreigner.

A striking instance of this is a Corean's way of looking at a photograph. If you hand him a picture bottom-side up, he will not turn it over, but will examine it just as it comes to him. If it is a photograph of people or animals it makes no difference; he is just as satisfied with them on their heads as on their feet.

A rollicking American marine of poetic turn touched upon certain characteristics of the Coreans in a poem, one stanza of which concluded:

The boys braid their hair down their backs
like a girl,
And the chimneys are holes in the ground.

The custom of boys braiding their hair down their backs is not peculiar to Corea, but where else do men 'do up' their hair on the top of their heads? Yet that is the way in which a married Corean is distinguished from a bachelor; the latter can do his hair up only on his wedding-day. And as to the chimneys, the poem tells the solemn truth. The Coreans warm their mud-and-stone huts by building the fires just beneath the stone floors. The 'chimneys' run under the house and open in the gutters. As many of the streets of the capital, Seoul,—which is pronounced like our word soul,—are very narrow, it can be imagined that a walk through them on a cold day, when these 'holes in the ground' are puffing out smoke, is not pleasant.

The land has been denuded of trees for so many years that only the wealthy can afford pine wood. Consequently the smoke which fills the streets of Seoul is the smoke of burning pine brush, which the people gather from the hills in the summer to burn in the colder months.

Of course Coreans read and write in a way that seems backward to us. Perhaps there are other lands where the washing is spread out on the ground to dry, instead of being hung up, but where else do mourners wear the most conspicuous kind of dress, or where else is the land in which a thief would be afraid to get over a wall he could not see through? Foreigners in Corea have built strong fences of heavy timbers, with the idea of keeping out intruders, only to learn that mere matting, hung up between posts, would have served their purpose better, provided only that no one could see through it.

Corean huts and yards—compounds—are screened from public view by mud walls or strips of matting, and it is a serious offense to intrude here.

The walls and a strange Corean superstition concerning door-steps combine to keep the Corean family quite hidden from street. While in most lands the door-step is the coign of vantage for which children quarrel and on which older persons crowd, in Corea you never see man, woman or child remaining on the threshold, because, as we say, it brings bad luck.

Another oddity in this land of queer customs is the mourner's hat. It is of straw, and is almost as large as a bushel basket. The national dress of Corea is white, although the children are dressed in colors. The Corean mourner, therefore, in his white suit and his bushel-basket hat, is the most conspicuous sort of a Corean to be met.

TRAVELLING IN COREA. A FARMER LIGHTS THE WAY OVER A BAD BIT OF ROAD.

There are songs to be sung even in crushed and lifeless Corea, and the white figures of laborers in the fields and on the hills move to and fro to music set in an appropriately minor key.

If the boy on the mountain suddenly ceases his song, you may know he has struck a root. Wood is so dear that the poor Corean boy will follow a root for a long distance, and very anxiously, lest it break. To furnish the large cities with wood is one of the chief industries in the country. The little Corean ponies can carry large loads of wood, but the beasts of burden in Corea are fine, strong, patient bulls, which are to be found everywhere.

Although their white garments may exaggerate their size, the men of Corea seem the most stalwart race in the world—as tall as their wives are homely.

But both are by nature extremely mild and kind. A photographer never has to ask a Corean to look pleasant. In photographs of Corea, you will generally find the people laughing.

Seoul is the capital and chief city of Corea; indeed, Seoul means 'capital.' There have been several 'seouls' of Corea, for each new dynasty founds a new capital. The present Seoul was founded five centuries ago, and its straggling, crenelated wall, nine miles in circumference, containing its two hundred thousand inhabitants, speaks of the middle ages. It is perhaps the only city in the world of which it could be said that tigers and leopards have been shot within the walls.

At each gate are the high roofs, like those on Chinese walls. On these roofs in Corea are rows of clay monkeys, about two feet in height, sitting in all conceivable attitudes. They keep—so the Coreans say—the devils from entering the city. These monkeys are also placed on the palace gates, and can be seen on the East Gate and on the gate of the Kyeung-Pok Palace.

The dragon is also a potent charm to keep off evil spirits. His specialty is fire devils. A great fire once swept the city and its palace. When this palace was rebuilt one of these dragons was placed on each side of the esplanade before the main gate. No fire devil has ever come again. The Chinese say a devil cannot turn a corner. About ten feet in front of Chinese gateways you find an odd strip of wall, a little longer than the gate is wide. No one can enter, therefore, without turning the corner—and so the devils are kept out.

The streets of Seoul, many of which have been widened into fine boulevards since the Corean customs department has been in the hands of an English commissioner, centre at the 'Bell Place.' Here in a little latticed building hangs the great bell of Seoul. It is struck every night at midnight, by means of a huge wooden beam which is swung against it.

Formerly it was struck early in the evening, and was a curfew signal for all Corean men to retire to their homes; thereupon the Corean women, who are veiled at an early age, and are never seen upon the streets, might promenade the avenues of the city. At twelve the women retired, and the men came out again. Mrs. Bishop says that a lady of high position told her that 'she had never seen the streets of Seoul by daylight.'

The tone of this bell is peculiar, and the Coreans believe it to be a human cry—the shriek of a babe, which, as the legend goes, was thrown into the caldron when the bell was cast centuries ago. The mar-

ble pagoda is one of the dear possessions of Corea's capital. This beautiful little pillar has stood in Seoul for ages, and was the gift to a former Queen of Corea from her father, a Mongol Emperor of China.

In 1592 the Japanese conquered Corea and attempted to take this pagoda to Japan. Being unable to do so, after having removed three stories, they built a huge fire beside it and calcined its northern side; the other three sides were uninjured.

A sharp Japanese recently bought the house beside the pagoda, and then claimed the pillar, since it was in his 'yard.' A diplomatic correspondence was precipitated, but the intruder was not successful. He had intended to sell the pagoda back to the Corean government for one hundred thousand dollars.

The palaces of Seoul are comparatively slight affairs, although some which are in disuse illustrate Corean styles of ornamentation very beautifully. Corean mural decorations consist of brickwork, arranged in various geometrical designs, the most common being the Greek key pattern. The painting on the Chang-dok Palace, or 'Old Palace,' looted by the Chinese in 1884, shows rainbow hues which are considered elegant.

The principal palace of Seoul is the Kyeung-Pok Palace. Here, on October 8, 1895, the Queen of Corea was murdered and cremated by irresponsible Japanese ruffians, because she was believed to be playing into the hands of Russia.

These lootings and murders suggest the sad story of Corean political life. It is supposed that the ancestors of the Coreans came from the region of the Malay Peninsula, drifting along the Chinese coast, from island to island, until they entered the peninsula of Manchuria which now forms Corea.

Their descendants are no more like the agricultural Chinese or pastoral Manchus than like the maritime Japanese. By the strongest of tests, that of language, the present Coreans resemble none of these. The Corean native tongue is quite perfect, having both conjugations and declensions. For many centuries the peninsula was under the control of China; Chinese is the official language of Corea. There was a great Japanese conquest of Corea, and the peninsula became a battleground for Chinese and Japanese armies.

Although crushed and overrun, the ancient Coreans made some notable inventions. They made the first ironclad, a boat in the shape of a turtle, which rammed and sank hundreds of Japanese ships in a single battle; they swung perhaps the first suspension-bridge. This was a bridge of ropes, which, being thrown across a river, were twisted until they cleared the water. On this foundation was laid a corduroy road. The first metal types were made in Corea.

By the Japanese-China War of 1894-5 Corea was freed from the purely nominal domination of China, made 'free,' and dosed with reforms which she could not digest. As the Tartars bury their captives to their chins in sand, and leave them alone in the desert, with tempting fruits placed before their mouths, so poor Corea found herself at the close of that war. Bound with the ten thousand customs inherited from China, she saw before her opportunities of which she could not make use. Being free, she fell into the hands of her own demagogues, a sadder fate for her common people than that to which any Chinese mandarin or Russian despot would have sentenced her.

The hope of Corea is in the work of the missionaries, who have done a marvellous work in Corea, and who will play a tremendous part in shaping her destiny and in the advancement of educational commercial interests.

America has played an important role in Corea's history, due largely to the influence of Doctor Allen, our very able minister at Seoul. Baldwin locomotives run daily from the seaport Chemulpo to Seoul, twenty-seven miles inland, drawing American cars over a track built by American capital and engineers. A bridge built by a Chicago engineer spans the great river Han. American trolley-cars carry one through Seoul, from the grinning monkeys on one gate to the tomb of the murdered queen, three miles from the city. Nowhere on earth has the silence of centuries been broken by the scream of the locomotive or the whirr of the trolley-car and again resumed its former reign.

Corea will be no exception. A freight-train here, a trolley-car there, a loose leaf of a Testament drifting along the road into wondering hands, a Buddhist bell calling to worship in a Christian sanctuary—a century or two of this, and Corea will stir in its sleep and awaken.

'What have I done,' cried the Wall to the Nail, in the Hindu proverb, 'that through me the sharp tooth doth run?'

'Poor fool!' replied the Nail. 'What do I know? Ask him who beats my head with many a blow.'

Wise words originally spoken of Judea may be quoted of Corea: 'The Little States. They are constituted by the hand of God, and I trust in him that they never will be removed. He has placed them between the Great States as a negation to universal empire, a pacific obstacle to the shocks of their power and the plots of their ambition.'

The Student Conference at Northfield.

The Northfield Student Conference will be held at East Northfield, Mass., July 1 to 10. This conference has been held upon the invitation of Mr. D. L. Moody and members of his family each summer since 1886, under the direction of the Student Department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations. Its purpose is to build up the Christian life of students and to train them for leadership of the varied organized Christian work of their institutions. It is attended annually by about 700 men from 130 colleges and preparatory schools. The daily programme consists of morning and evening platform metings in the auditorium, Normal Bible classes, conferences on College Young Men's Christian Association work and life work meetings on Round Top. The missionary feature, under the direction of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, is always prominent, and consists of normal classes, for training leading home and foreign mission study classes, a missionary institute for the discussion of the methods, and missionary addresses. The athletics in the afternoons bring out friendly rivalry between the colleges. Among the speakers for this year are the Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross, of Cambridge, England; the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., of New York; the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., of New Haven; the Rev. R. A. Falconer, Halifax; Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. John R. Mott, and S. H. Hadley, of New York City.

The delegates are entertained in the buildings of Northfield Seminary, in tents on the Seminary grounds and in Camp Northfield. For information, letters should be addressed to C. L. Boynton, 3 West 29th Street, New York City.

This is one of a series of seven Conferences which are held annually for the students of different sections of the country. Two of these, the South-western Conference at Ruston, La., and the Pacific Coast Conference at Pacific Grove, Cal., are held during the winter holidays. The remaining four are held as follows:—For the Lake Erie Group, at Lakeside, Ohio, June 17-26; for the West, at Lake Geneva, Wis., June 17-26; for the South, at Waynesville, N.C., June. 10-19; and for the Pacific North-West, at Gearhart Park, Oregon, May 28-June 5. The training at these Conferences of from seventeen hundred to two thousand of the strongest Christian men for leadership of the Christian work in the institutions for higher learning in the United States and Canada has a marked influence on the religious life of the colleges of these two countries.

O Love, that dost with goodness crown
The years through all the ages down!
'Tis in Thy strength the mountains stand,
The seasons roll at thy command,
And rooted are all things that bless
Deep in Thy everlastingness.
—J. W. Chadwick.

A Prayer for our Missionaries

(Margaret E. Sangster.)

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand
Thy vangard in the distant land.

In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,
Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.

Be Thou in every faithful breast,
Be peace and happiness and rest.

Exalt them over every fear,
In peril come Thyself more near.

Let heaven above their pathway pour
A radiance from its open door.

Turn Thou the hostile weapons, Lord,
Rebuke each wrathful alien horde.

Thine are the loved for whom we crave
That Thou wouldst keep them strong and brave.

Thine is the work they strive to do,
Their foes so many, they so few.

Yet Thou are with them, and Thy Name
Forever lives, is aye the same.

Thy conquering Name, O Lord, we pray,
Quench not its light in blood to-day.

Be with Thine own, Thy loved, who stand
Christ's vanguard in the storm-swept land.

Tell Me About Christ.

A Hindoo of rank was troubled in his conscience on the subject of a future state. He had heard of Christians, and longed to converse with them about their religion, and to know who Christ was. So he visited England, the Christians' land, supplied with introductions to some leading people. Being asked to a great dinner, he turned to his neighbor in the course of conversation, and said:

'Can you tell me something about Christ, the Founder of your religion?'

'Hush!' replied his new acquaintance, 'we do not speak such things at dinner parties.'

He was afterwards invited to a large ball. Dancing with a young and fashionable lady, he took an opportunity of asking her who the Founder of her religion, Jesus Christ, was. And again he was warned that a ball was no place to introduce such subjects.

Strange, thought the Hindoo, are these Christians in England. They will not speak of their religion, nor inform me about Christ, its Founder!

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Mayflower's Message.

(Frances A. Doughty, in 'Christian Herald.')

I.

Miss Nute's scholars had a May holiday, and they spent it most happily in the woods, hunting the lovely pink and white blossoms of the arbutus, called in their New England home the mayflower.

One class of her girls, ten in number, belonged to the 'King's Daughters.' They had for the time a genuine enthusiasm for helping other people, and now even wanted to give away the exquisite pleasure they found in a large bed of mayflowers.

The result of the generous impulse was that before night they had tied up twenty-five or thirty small bunches, attached cards to each, with a favorite maxim or quotation, and expressed the floral offering to the President of their Society to dispose of as she might think best in New York. Miss Nute told them the flower was considered very choice there, as it is not found growing in the country near that city.

II.

The streets of New York are very lonely to a person in trouble. Poor little Hetty Harvey walked along wearily on the beautiful May day, the sky blue above her, and the dawning springtime fresh with promise in the air, but her spirit felt as worn and shabby as the walking-suit she had lived in all winter, and she was painfully conscious of not matching the day at all. Only a forlorn remnant of pride prevented her from crying in the street.

'Everybody and everything is against me,' she said to herself bitterly, turning her head away as she passed a big store on Fourteenth street. She did not wish any of the shop-girls there to see and recognize her. Some articles were missing from her counter, and she had left there the previous week with circumstances strongly against her, dismissed ostensibly because the force was being cut down. There was no open accusation, but a cold stiffness in the manner of the head-clerk put her pride in arms, so she would not ask for a letter of recommendation to assist her in getting another place. Probably he would have given her one if she had asked him. He would have seen that she felt strong in her own innocence.

She went at once to call on the lady she had sewed for when she first came from Vermont. A strange family was occupying the house, and she was told at the door that the people who used to live there had gone to Europe.

'To Europe!' she echoed, from a great deep of disappointment that you who read this in happy homes cannot fathom. 'They might as well be at the bottom of the Dead Sea—sometimes I wish I was there myself!'

Hetty had no home, and she had just money enough left for one night more, another supper and breakfast at the reduced rates of a certain 'Working Girls' Home.' She had never been brought low enough to ask charity; and had not the means to pay her way back to Vermont to stay with her only relatives—some very distant ones—until she could find work there. She had left them to try her fortune in the great city of New York, where she had heard many more avenues were open than in the rural districts, and the Yankee spirit of independence and progress in this blue-eyed dimpled maiden could not bear an out-and-out defeat. She looked soft, but she had a certain strength of purpose. She remembered that a family she used to know in Vermont was living in Jersey City. She had seen none of them for years, but surely they would feel enough interest in a fellow-townswoman to help her to find a situation. Perhaps they would ask her to stay with them for a day or two until something 'turned up,' and every day would make a difference in the present state of her finances.

Acting upon this she took the Elevated road and was soon at the ferry. After crossing it she went into the first drug store she came to in Jersey City, to consult a directory. Her heart gave a great bound of joy when she found the name she was looking for—'Turbill, Hannah, widow,' etc. The street and number were not far from the ferry; she was soon at the house, and, pleased with her luck thus far, rang the bell eagerly.

A gaudily dressed girl came to the door. Hetty knew her at a glance, but was eyed in return without a gleam of recognition. The two had not met since they were children.

'What do you want?' said the young woman—Miss Printhy Turbill—rather curtly, as if impatient at the interruption.

'Don't you remember me, Printhy? We used to be schoolmates—'

'Land sakes!—as if there wasn't a hull lot of girls who went to school with me, and how in creation am I to keep track of 'em all?'

'Hetty Harvey.'

'Why to be sure! I do remember there was a Harvey girl. Her mother used to make real good cookies; she had 'em for lunch'—smiling, and thawing considerably—'Come in, Miss Harvey.'

Just at this moment a bell rang at the other end of the hall. Hetty could see the dining-room open and a table spread there, so this bell must be the summons to dinner, an awkward time for her to arrive.

Printhy looked toward the parlor as Hetty stepped over the door-sill, and giggled meaningly.

'I know you'll excuse me; a gentleman is in there—me and him's a keepin' steady company and I've got to speak to him this very minute. You just wait till I call mother.'

'Mother!' she screamed: 'Come out here, somebody wants you,—' and then Miss Printhy took her flight.

Hetty swallowed a feeling of reluctance with one resolute gulp, as a stout, middle-aged woman came waddling out of the dining-room, fastening her dress hurriedly at the waist, as if in the act of making a second toilet. It was evident that after officiating as cook, she was about to act the part of hostess at the dinner-table to that gentleman,'Keeping steady company' with her daughter in the parlor.

'Hello! if this ain't Peter Harvey's girl—I see the likeness.'

'Yes—he was my father.'

'What be you doin' in New York?'

'Working for my living, Mrs. Turbill. You may have heard that I was left an orphan—' then realizing that not a minute was to be lost—'Oh, do tell me if you know of any work I can get to do?' she added, in an eager breath.

As yet she had not been invited to sit down. This civility was merely forgotten. Mrs. Turbill was not a bad-hearted woman, she was only flustered, having something else on her mind.

'No, I haven't heard of no place at all, lately. I hope you ain't given dissatisfaction to your last employers?' (not too hurried to throw in a little cheap advice). 'A girl with her way to make in the world hadn't ought to be too particular. Well, we're just up to our eyes in work, a gettin' Printhy ready to be married. It came sort o' sudden like. That's her gentleman in the sittin'-room now, and it's the first time he's come from down East to visit us, and we've got to have him here to dinner. I tell you, Miss Harvey, just you call some other time. I'd ask you to stay over night, but you see he's got the spare room, and Printhy—her room is chuck full of patterns, and dresses, and what with the sewin' machine and her sheets and pillow-cases we're a makin', there's hardly room to turn round. You ain't busy now, you say. Come again while you have holiday, later in the spring, and we'll talk about the folks down to Vermont, and old times. We calculate to git all through this all-firin' rush after while, and take a little breathin' spell before the weddin'. Goodby, Miss Harvey.'

If Mrs. Turbill did not literally close the door in her guest's face, she came very near doing it.

'Good afternoon, Mrs. Turbill.'

Hetty set her mouth firmly as she turned her back on that inhospitable door, resolving never to darken it with her shadow again. They should never even hear what became of her if she could prevent it. When she stepped on to the ferry-boat again she lowered her veil, looking under it, away from her fellow-passengers, at the water in the dock. The sun lit it up cheerily, but she thought only of the thick blackness underneath the bright surface, and a voice from way down there seemed to call her:

'If all else fails, rest is here, this is always open to you.'

It was a long way from the Cortlandt street ferry to the Working Girls' Home, but Hetty could not afford to ride there. As she walked along one temptation after another came to her. How should she escape the cruel uncertainty of the present, the despair of the near future, when she would find herself without money, without friends in this desolate wilderness of New York. Were there no ways out of this dreadful dilemma?

Yes,—death, and begging,—and some other ways, too, but sinful ways, Hetty had never walked in and scarcely understood.

What if she were to abandon herself recklessly to the current of the hour? It was growing strong, relentless, irresistible.

III.

The dining-room in the Working Girls' Home was in the basement; when supper was ready, Hetty followed the others into it dejectedly.

As they entered the door a delicious perfume filled the air, strong and penetrating, like nothing but the woods in the earliest springtime. Hetty Harvey knew this perfume well, though it had not greeted her for two years.

She took a seat mechanically. A bunch of mayflowers was lying on the plate before her—whose was it? Then looking down the table she saw a similar one on each plate, fresh and delicate, as if gathered this May day.

This bunch then was intended for her. Childhood's early memories, evoked by that woody odor, came rushing back on the swift wings of sense. How often she had gathered the mayflower with her mother and father in their Sunday afternoon walks, or her own solitary rambles. It was her mother's favorite wild flower, and but a few weeks ago she had written to ask an old neighbor to place a bouquet of it, when it came into bloom, on the lonely graves of her parents in the country cemetery.

All the sacredness of home influences in other and happier days rushed over her in an overwhelming tide. For a few moments she

saw no one, took no account of the exclamations of her companions. Her surroundings were the dream, the past became the reality.

Taking up her precious little bouquet, she saw something written on a card attached to it by a narrow ribbon, and read these three words:

'Trust in God!'

She raised the flowers to her lips, and one tear fell softly upon their tender bloom—it may be with such tears as this the immortal flowers in the gardens of Paradise are watered. Hope at that instant blossomed anew in her young heart. Come want or sorrow, she resolved to keep herself worthy of a past which was still so dear.

That night Hetty's dreams were sweet. She did not catch a glimpse of a tall, dark-eyed girl named Dora Haines, at Miss Nute's Seminary, the one who tied up her bouquet and chose the inscription, probably she will never in this world know of her existence. It was her own mother she saw in her dreams, standing by her bedside in shining white raiment, and she held out her arms as she used to long ago when Hetty was tired or troubled, saying:

'My child, the message is from me, heaven is so near the earth that the May flowers could bring it.'

The next morning Hetty Harvey started out on her pilgrimage under the ensign of success. Nothing outside of her was changed, it was her inner world that had undergone a revolution. 'Thoughts are things;' she no longer thought failure, and invited it by distrust of herself and of others.

The Matron of the Home told her she did not know of another situation open anywhere.

I sent a girl to the very last one yesterday,' she said. 'She came with superior recommendations. There's a rich Miss Wilkinson on Fifth avenue, near Thirty-fourth or Thirty-fifth street. I haven't the least ground for thinking she wants any help, or could direct you elsewhere. If you choose—but maybe I ought not to send you there—those rich ladies get irritated if we apply to them too often.'

Somehow Hetty was not afraid this morning. Last night if the Matron had ended her suggestion with a 'but,' she would not have ventured to ring at Miss Wilkinson's palatial house.

Now she walked briskly up to the door-bell, and it was answered by a smart, liveried manservant before she had fairly let go of the knob.

'Doesn't Miss Wilkinson want a seamstress?' she asked, in a cheerful, expectant tone.

'No, miss, not as I knows of; fact is, I'm sure she don't.'

'Won't you have the kindness to ask her. I should like very much to see her.'

The man's orders were to admit no one who had not a special appointment with Miss Wilkinson, but he hesitated an instant. There was something in the manner of this applicant which distinguished her from others who had besieged his mistress.

The latter had a private sitting-room on the lower floor of the English basement house, where she spent the early hours of the morning in answering letters and attending to her many interests and charities. At this critical moment she heard distinctly the talk at the front door.

'Let her come in, James!' she called out:

The earnest, hopeful, self-respecting tone of that girlish voice outside went straight to the rich woman's heart. If Hetty had not been prompted to call there first, Miss Wilkinson would not have heard her voice, she would have been engaged with company upstairs in her parlor.

Hetty was ushered into the presence of a plainly-dressed, middle-aged woman, with gray hair, and a strong, thoughtful face. She had a great deal to do in her business hours, and was not given to wasting many words.

Looking at the stranger a moment in silence, she then asked her usual question in similar cases.

'Where did you sew last?'

'At Mrs. Perry's, on West Fortieth street; but she's gone to Europe, ma'am. She liked my work very much, I know she did, but I've no way of proving that to you now; I can only ask you to try me for yourself.'

She raised her eyes fearlessly, with a touching faith and honesty in them, and fixed them upon Miss Wilkinson's.

Had she been chilled by a single disappointment this morning, before coming to this lady, were her mood that of yesterday, it would, in spite of her, tell upon her face and manner, sound out of every word—what we are cannot fail of its effect when put to the test—and it is questionable whether her application, without references, would have received the same attention, for the fountain of sympathy would not have been touched. Now she was conquering by the power of her own thought of goodness divine and human, her own freshly inspired belief in success.

'I'll try you for a day,' said the lady, 'although I can't say I really need you. There are some little gowns and dresses here to be cut out and made for an orphan asylum. I was just about to send them out to be made, it is more convenient generally than having a seamstress in my house; but I don't believe I shall mind having you,' she added with a smile. She liked Hetty's frank face, her neatly brushed hair, her modest deportment.

'James, show this young woman up to the sitting-room.'

Hetty grew tremulous with joy, and the wondering James, who had overheard the interview, said to himself:

'She ain't even asked the girl her name! I never knew Miss Wilkinson to be got round quite this easy before. What's come over her?'

Hetty gave satisfaction that day and many more days; and Miss Wilkinson ended by becoming a firm and valuable friend, securing her a permanent situation in the course of a few months.

And later on, when her young protegee was settling in a home of her own as the wife of a man who was in every way worthy of her confidence, she sent her a sewing machine as a wedding present.

Hetty might not be able to argue it out satisfactorily in a court of justice, but in her own heart she will always feel sure that the little bunch of mayflowers, coming to her at a crisis in her life to revive her sinking courage, was a turning-point in her destiny.

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*Founded on an incident related by the President of the King's Daughters.

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Something to Think of.

(Sidney Dare, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Well, here is a sad, sad thing. Not much to be wondered at, though.'

'What is it?' asked Mrs. March, as her husband laid down his evening paper with a look which she knew indicated that he was ready to talk.

'It's poor Lewis gone under at last. Too bad. Too bad.'

'Do you mean Arthur Lewis?'

'Yes. He has embezzled a large sum from the company with which he worked, and disappeared.'

'Oh, Charles—a man we have known so well.'

'Yes, and I have known him all my life. That, I suppose, is the reason I am not so much surprised. But it is terrible.'

'Has he been so reckless?'

'Yes, poor light-hearted fellow, as I knew him first. Always seeking the first pleasure which came along—though it happened that the pleasures which appealed to him were never of the vicious sort. Lavish and open-handed, always reaching out for the means necessary to gratifying the wishes of himself and others, ready to spend his last cent—and, unfortunately, more. It is not to be wondered at that he has at length come to the spending of what belonged to others. Poor Art.'

'I don't see that he is entitled to much sympathy. It is shocking—such a large sum. Isn't he to be judged as other criminals are judged?'

'Not by me, who knew him so well.' Mr. Marsh shook his head sorrowfully. 'These large peculations do not come as a single act, but as the growth of years. The gratification of present wishes making it necessary to borrow, as they look at it from any source at hand, without stopping to think how the borrowing is to be repaid. The long accumulation and the speculation with the means of others in the wild hope of making good the debts, the discovery, the disgrace—flight—how often the same story has been told. Are you going out this evening, Helen?' he asked of his daughter who sat near.

'Yes,' she said. 'Cousin Hugh is coming for me.'

Cousin Hugh was soon announced.

'It is raining,' he said, looking with a pleased glance at the sweet-faced girl, feeling glad she was his cousin. 'I had better get a carriage.'

'I don't think that is necessary,' said Helen. 'It is not far to walk.'

'Not at all necessary,' agreed father. 'Bring your rubbers and rain-cloak and you will be ready for anything.'

'I am glad Helen has some sense about her demands upon the boys,' said her father, as the two took leave.

'Some girls do not consider such things. They think everything the foolish young fellows lavish upon them is so much gain.'

'Don't I know all about that? Don't I remember? The flowers and carriages and ice creams and opera tickets. It is hard, too, among boys of small means, and yet who have just as keen a relish for innocent pleasure and for young society as their better-off companions. But how many young men have taken the first step down the road leading to ruin simply through this desire to do as the others do. I might tell you a story about that, Emily. I had almost forgotten it, but our talk and this about poor Lewis recalls it.

'It was when I was a young man, just come to town, and soon beginning to find my modest share of pleasure in going with the other

young people with whom I became gradually acquainted. The mingling in this pleasant society was attended with more or less perplexity and embarrassment, for it took money, and, like many others, I was earning very little more than was sufficient for my necessary expenses. And no one who has not tried it can imagine the sting of mortification which comes with any suspicion that the young fellow cannot or will not spend freely.

'I was due for a picnic with a young girl who was a new acquaintance. I thought her a very nice girl—I have always thought young girls nice, though they do make their mistakes.

'As I considered my resources the day before, I realized that I had barely enough money for the anticipated expenses of the day. Nothing for unforeseen demands or emergencies. No more pay was coming in until the beginning of next week. My face flushed at the thought of the painful possibility of being called on for money and not having it. It was not to be endured. I had access to money not my own, and I "borrowed" a five-dollar bill from my employer—without his knowledge.'

'You did!'

'I did, and knowing that it would be very difficult to make it up in case a part of it should be spent. It is the having been all through such things, Emily, that makes it easy for me to make allowance for a poor fellow like Lewis when he gets in deeper and deeper.

'We went to the picnic on the shore of a beautiful lake. We were having an enjoyable time when we were told of some attractive or interesting thing—I forget now what it was—which might be seen by crossing the lake. Boatmen were near who offered to row the party over and back for seventy-five cents apiece. Many of them went, but my nice girl, with a few others, declined, saying they were enjoying themselves where they were.

'So that five-dollar bill went back unbroken to where it belonged—'

'Seems to me I remember something about that sort of picnic,' said Mrs. Marsh.

'I dare say you do,' he said, with a smile. 'I have sometimes thought, Emily, that that was a kind of a turning-point with me. I believe that many a young fellow takes his first step into difficulty in some such way.'

'So many girls are utterly conscienceless in their demands upon young men.'

'Yes, their sensitiveness places them at the mercy of such. And in many cases it is done entirely without thought.'

'How I wish I could tell them all the cruelty of it—of the possibilities that lie in it. Place before them the consideration that their action in even such seeming trifles may have something to do with the making or marring of a life.'

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A Foreign Teacher.

(Helen A. Hawley, in 'Wellspring.')

Miss Prudence Adams was a faithful Christian, and a shining light in the Women's Foreign Missionary society. Like many another who has passed middle age, and has not become quite accustomed to the revelations of steam and electricity, she believed that in all non-Christian lands, 'every prospect pleases and only man is vile.' She did not realize that bright minds could be indigenous in such places, needing only a vital belief in Jesus to lift them to an equality with herself. She lumped all sorts together, putting them on a level with the most degraded races.

Being thus interested in missions, it followed that she took great pride in a niece who was a real, live missionary in Japan, and duly exploited her at the monthly meetings. 'My niece, Anna Maria,' was sufficient to settle all questions on the manners and customs of any country whatsoever, and so in effect, Japan ruled the heathen world.

With all Miss Prudence's undeniable excellencies, she lacked the one thing necessary to ease of mind; she had not learned Saint Paul's lesson of contentment. The shoe pinched in just one place, and she couldn't have it stretched. During her young days, she had lived in a large, roomy house, where hospitality abounded; now in more straitened circumstances, but still with a modest competence, her apartment held herself and her limited housekeeping, with not much space to spare.

She often took a fierce delight in saying, 'If I didn't give my tenth to missions conscientiously, I could afford another room,' and on rare occasions she had been known to shake the same statement in the face of some one guilty of too much luxury and to small contributions. After such an illustration of duty she would return to her cramped quarters with as near a sense of satisfaction in them as she ever experienced.

Over the seas, in Japan, Miss Anna Maria Wilson lay thinking of the home friends. She had been ill, and was now convalescent; that explained the leisure of her thoughts. Missionaries have too much to do to spend much of the daylight on their backs. Sometimes illness proves a blessing in disguise, because it gives a chance to rest.

Anna loved Aunt Prudence. How well she knew the sterling qualities of that narrowed life—how well she knew, too, the irritating discontent which marred its peace!

'I'd like to make something for her birthday,' she thought. 'I can use my hands now. It's the thirtieth of next month. There'd be plenty of time to send a package.'

Then, after a little questioning of what she would like: 'I'll paint a motto for her in Japanese. She'll be too proud for anything.' A vision of Miss Prudence's tiny parlor suddenly swept through her mind, the walls sprinkled with mottoes in old-fashioned frame—'Come to Jesus,' 'Welcome,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the Lord's Prayer done in brown silk on perforated cardboard. She recalled all these distinctly. Certainly Miss Prudence's artistic tastes were somewhat behind the time. Yet there is nothing to ridicule in this clinging to objects which memory's associations pronounce beautiful. Anna Wilson only smiled, and called for her water colors.

Miss Prudence sat alone the night before her birthday. Her meditations were not exactly of the thankful kind, as she muttered to herself: 'Sixty-five years old to-morrow, and likely to end my days in this seven-by-nine place. What would my mother have said if she could have known?' Not reflecting that could her mother speak then, she would congratulate her on treasures laid up in heaven, treasures of heathen souls it may be, saved because she had spent her money to send them the gospel.

At this moment, this thought did not slip in its soothing comfort. With the elderly, anniversaries are apt to be times of drawing contrasts.

Interrupting these dreary musings, the neighbor's boy, who brought her mail at night appeared.

'Seems to be from furrin parts,' he said, with a boy's freedom to look and to speak.

Miss Prudence took the rolled package which he handed to her, looked at the writing, and answered, with dignity, 'From my niece in Japan. Thank you.'

'Oh, I forgot. Here's some letters in my pocket,' which he produced, and considering the second stately 'Thank you' equal to a dismissal, the youngster left, though he wanted to know what was in that roll.

Miss Prudence wanted to know, too, but, woman-like, she scrutinized the outside, counted the stamps, estimated their value, and decided that she'd give them to the Girls' Band for their collection. Then she opened the roll carefully. The contents were long and narrow, and as the Japanese paper with its delicate water lines slipped off, a motto in Japanese characters was revealed, surrounded by a border of the prettiest cherry blossoms.

'Well, I never!' Miss Prudence exclaimed: 'It's beautiful, but I can't read it. I presume it's some Scripture text, and Anna Maria did it herself. There's her initials down in the corner. Bless the child!' The faded eyes grew dim; that's the way faded eyes often show pleasure.

After looking long at the gift, she bethought herself of the letters, and one of them was from Japan. It said:

'I remember, dear Aunt Prue, how much you like pithy sayings, and it has been a pleasure to paint this for your birthday. I am sorry not to send it framed, but it would not go through the mails very well that way. As it only needs a simple setting, you will not mind seeing to that. Our Japanese have good brains, and their proverbs often hold a deal of wisdom. You'll want to know what this one means, so I'll give you the translation.

'"He who has a thousand rooms, sleeps in but one.' You can't think how many times I've had occasion to repeat it, and I hope you'll like it, too.'

'Well, I never!' That was Miss Prudence's usual exclamation of surprise. Slowly the words and the thought they contained fastened themselves.

'"Twasn't a bow drawn at a venture,' she smiled, grimly. 'Anna Maria knew what she was driving at. Folks always did say she took after me, and I suspect she has her trials. Of course she has—she's a missionary! And here am I with good food to eat, and good clothes to wear, and a whole roof to cover me, and able to give my tenth, fretting 'cause I haven't a thousand rooms to sleep in. Maybe that's an extravagant way to say it—I guess it's what they call hyperbole. Well, Prudence Adams, the Lord helping you, you'll turn over a new leaf on your sixty-fifth birthday. "It's never to late to mend"—that's another good proverb. You'll just repent and ask forgiveness this minute, and to-morrow morning, bright and early, you'll begin to be contented.' She happened to glance toward the mirror, and that decided face breaking into smiles looked as if she needn't wait till morning.

'But to think,' Miss Prudence concluded, 'to think it took a heathen proverb to teach me,

a Christian woman, the Lord's truth. I 'most think a woman must have made it up; 'twouldn't be like a man to calculate on so many bedrooms. She said "he" to hide herself. I hope she didn't live before missionaries went to Japan. I expect she was one of the first to embrace Christianity—it looks like she was all ready for it. They do say there are such.'

With these pleasing imaginings, Miss Prudence went to bed.

With Malice Aforethought.

(The Rev. J. Mervin Hull, in 'Wellspring.')

'We might just as well be ruined entirely, so far as my plans and hopes are concerned. I shall be crazy if I sit here thinking, thinking, any longer.' And Helen Kirk started up, put on her hat, and thrust the hat pin savagely through it as she stood for a moment before the glass.

'I don't wonder there is a deep furrow in your forehead,' she said to her reflection in the glass. 'And it never will be smoothed out again as long as you live.'

Helen went out into the warm sunshine and breathed the vibrating air, balmy with all the odors of spring; for the cottage of the Kirks was on the border of the city, where the trees and open fields began. But Helen did not notice these things, nor hear even the hilarious notes of the brown thrasher that sang in the maple tree. The first thing that attracted her attention from her own moody thoughts was the approach of a gentleman coming along the street from the city. He walked with an alert, springing step, as if time were too short for all the work he had to do.

'Oh, dear!' thought Helen, 'it is Mr. Markland, and he is the last person I want to meet. He sees everything through those near-sighted glasses of his, and as for his gray hair, it is a trap to catch the unwary.'

'Good morning, Miss Helen,' spoke the pleasant voice of the minister. 'I am glad to see you looking so serene and cheerful, so much in harmony with the loveliness of the morning.'

'Mr. Markland, I know I don't look "serene and cheerful," and if the morning is lovely, I haven't noticed it yet.'

'It must be the glasses,' said the minister, with conviction, as he took them off and carefully wiped them. Then he went on in the tone that no one ever doubted, and which had opened to him many close-fastened hearts:

'What is it that troubles you, Helen? Perhaps I can help you.'

'Well, Mr. Markland, no doubt you know something about father's financial reverses. We are not ruined completely, but—but—'

Helen hesitated. Looking through the glasses into the clear eyes of the little minister, her troubles seemed to dwindle to the size of her own image which she saw there. But she went on:

'First and worst, my musical career is at an end. I was going abroad to study for three years, you know. And now, just when I seemed on the verge of success, I must give it all up, and be one of the crowd, just an ordinarily good pianist.'

The minister smiled gently. 'I can see how great the disappointment is to you,' he said, 'but it is not easy for me to look at it from your point of view. I am entirely reconciled to the fact of your remaining in Roselea, and I can think at this very moment of several ways in which an "ordinarily good pianist" could be made useful. But that is not all.'

'No,' sighed Helen; 'when the trouble came, I said that I would be a help and not a burden to them at home. I have always had a great admiration for the work of trained nurses, and I resolved to make that my life-work. But yesterday I went by appointment to the Waverly Hospital, and—and they would not accept me for training. I am perfectly well, but they said that my physique was not equal to the severe and constant strain of the work, and that especially my nervous, sympathetic temperament was against me.'

The minister said nothing. He was watching Helen's fingers as they nervously wove themselves together while she spoke.

'And so,' concluded Helen, 'there is nothing left for me to do except to help at home. Of course, I am needed there, and it will save the expense of a maid, but all these things are such a disappointment to me that it sometimes seems as if I couldn't endure it any longer, as if there wasn't a girl in the whole city whose lot is so hard as mine. There, Mr. Markland, I know you think I am nothing but a bundle of selfishness.'

The minister took out his watch and looked at it absently. For some reason, he did not seem so ready as usual to say the right word to one who sought his advice.

'I hope life will not look quite so dark to you after a little,' he said. 'I will talk with you again soon. This morning I am unexpectedly called to attend an important committee meeting in Boston, and I must leave at once. I shall have to neglect some of my calls to-day, but there is one that I am very anxious about, and I am going to ask you to take my place, if you will. Mildred Lee is a girl of about your own age, but she is an invalid. She lives at 158 Hermon street, quite at the other side of the city. Would you be willing to call there this morning and tell her why I could not come?'

'Why, I hardly know. Yes, I suppose so, if you think I—'

'Thank you, thank you, Helen. Good morning. I must hurry to catch my train.'

'Well, this is interesting,' thought Helen. 'I'm a very cheerful messenger to be sent to call on an invalid. I'm sure I don't know what I can say. Anyway, I can take a few flowers.'

So Helen stopped at a tiny shop where a little German kept fresh flowers, and bought some carnations, to which the florist added a few sprays of fern and asparagus. 'And vill you vear von pink?' said the old man. 'It vas a "Taybreak," loafly, like the sky dis morning.'

Helen thanked him, and pinned the beautiful flower to her dress, and as she went along the street she was aware that something had happened to the morning, it was so much more lovely than it had been a few minutes before.

She easily found the house on Hermon street and a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman came to the door. It was Mildred's mother, and as soon as Helen had introduced herself and told her errand, Mrs. Lee took her at once to Mildred's room.

As she crossed the threshold, she paused in astonishment at what she saw. Against one side of the room was a bed, and everything in the room was arranged with reference to that bed. It was boarded up at the sides with quartered oak, and along the boards were pockets for holding thread, needles, silks, and all sorts of articles for sewing and embroidery. Along the wall were two bookshelves within easy reach, the light came from a large window behind the head of the bed, two swinging stands were at the side of the bed, and a small piano was drawn up at right angles to it. All these things Helen saw, and yet she did not see them; for her gaze was drawn to the figure upon the bed, the girl whose life was bounded by those few feet of space. Her head was lifted upon the white pillows, her fair face, surrounded by wavy brown hair, was too pale and transparent, but her eyes were bright, and the light of perfect peace shone in them. 'And thank God, her hands are free!' thought Helen.

'Mildred, this is Helen Kirk, who has come to see you,' said Mrs. Lee.

Helen tried to collect her thoughts. What should she say? She began to open the box of flowers.

'Mr. Markland had to go to Boston this morning,' she began, 'and he asked me to come and tell you that he could not call to-day. I thought you might like a few flowers and so I brought these.'

'Oh, how kind you are!' said Mildred, as she reached out her white hands for the flowers. She gathered them in her arms as a mother holds a baby, till the blossoms touched her cheeks. A tinge of color fluttered there, like the faint blush of the 'Daybreaks,' but in strong contrast with the deep crimson of the darker flowers.

'Oh,—how—delicious!' she breathed, as she inhaled their fragrance. 'But I must not let them get thirsty. Will you please hand me that vase on the mantel? No, not that one; the tall one with the green tint in it.'

She drew one of the swinging stands to her side, and with dainty touches she arranged the flowers with marvellous skill.

'Why, you almost make them speak!' exclaimed Helen.

It was good to hear Mildred's rippling laugh as she answered:

'Oh, but they do speak, all of them, and these that you have brought will speak to me of the new friend that Mr. Markland has sent to me. Hasn't he the strangest ways of doing lovely things? How do you suppose he treats me? I haven't moved from my place, you know, for twelve years, except when Malcolm lifts me. But Mr. Markland comes in like a fresh breeze from the woods and asks me to go to walk with him. And then he will pretend that we are walking through the green grass and underneath the tall trees, and along the brookside where the rippling water sings. "Come," he will say, "I see some great white trilliums in that leafy hollow yonder; let's go and get them. And here, at the foot of this grand old pine, is the last bunch of arbutus; is there any perfume so sweet? And look, quick! There goes a scarlet tanager!" Until it seems to me that I can see and hear all the loveliness of the fields and woods.'

The tears were shining in Helen's eyes. 'Twelve years,' she said, 'twelve long years!'

'But just see how the mountain has come to Mahomet,' said Mildred. 'Everything within reach; and here is even an electric bell to call mother. No real need of it, you know, but my brother Malcolm has to be doing something with electricity all the time. He is an expert electrical engineer, and now he has the whole charge of constructing the new street railway from Bethlehem to Lebanon; I'm so proud of his success. And then here is the piano, and sometimes I can reach over and strike a few chords, enough to get the theme of some sonata or symphony. But this morning I am just going to have a feast while I listen to you.'

'To me!' exclaimed Helen; 'how do you know that I can play?'

'Oh, I knew who you were before mother spoke your name, from Malcolm's description of you. You played an accompaniment for him once at the Cecilia Club, when Miss Pownder, the regular pianist, was away.'

'Is that Mr. Lee your brother? He is the best tenor in the club, his voice is so wonderfully sweet and clear.'

'Indeed it is,' said Mildred, naively. 'And he said,' she went on, 'that he never sang so well as he did when you played for him, because he knew the moment you began to play that you had true musical feeling and expression. He said some other things that I should like to tell you, but perhaps Malcolm would not like it. I'll ask him when he comes home and then—'

'Don't you dare to!' said Helen, with a blush as she took her seat at the piano. 'Now, listen.' And beginning with some popular light melodies, she played on through marches, rondos, arias, and waltzes until she began to touch the themes of some of the great masters of music.

'Now, this is the last,' said Helen at length, 'and I want you to tell me what it says to you.'

It was Chopin's marvellous nocturne in G, and when it was finished there were tears in Mildred's eyes.

'It is the conflict of a soul that finds peace at last,' she said.

'So it speaks to me,' said Helen. 'Sometimes I play it for hours together. But now I must hurry home, for there are many things that I ought to do to help mother.'

For the first time an expression of discontent came over Mildred's face.

'Yes,' she sighed, 'you can be helpful, but I must always be a burden. That is the hardest thing I have to bear. It is all receiving and no giving with me. When father died, when Malcolm was struggling for his education and winning his place in the world, I could only lie here and be a care instead of a help. If I could only give a little, just a little, instead of receiving all the time, I think I should be perfectly happy.'

Helen was kneeling by the bed, and her arms were around Mildreds' neck. 'Then be happy,' she whispered, 'perfectly happy, for you have given much to me this morning. I came here discontented and unhappy over my poor little troubles, and I am going away hopeful and happy. I am ashamed to tell you just what—'

Mildred put her fingers on Helen's lips, and her face was radiant with joy.

'Do you mean it? Have I helped you? I can't realize it.'

'But you must believe me,' said Helen, 'and I shall keep on repeating it until you do believe me. You must. Good-by, now.'

'Come again soon, Helen, please.'

'I will, with a big basket to fetch away the good cheer that I cannot take to-day.'

It was a new world that greeted Helen as she hastened toward home. The first redbreast of the season flew toward her against the sun, displayed his exquisite color, and sang his mellow note.

Suddenly Helen stopped a moment.

'I believe,' she said, 'that he sent me there on purpose.'

Let us no more yearn for present employment when God's providence bids us 'be still,' than we would think it good to yearn after cessation while God bids us work. Shall we not miss a blessing if we call rest a weariness and a discontent, no less than if we called God's work a thankless labor? If we would be holy in body and spirit, shall we not keep smooth brow, light heart, whether he bids us serve his table, or wait our summons?—Edward White Benson.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Your Niche.

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,
A corner for you to fill;
And it waits to-day,
Along life's way,
For the boy with a frank 'I will;'
So, lad, be true,
The world wants you,
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you in the world, my girl,
A corner for you to fill;
For a girl that is kind;
With a pure, sweet mind,
A place that is waiting still.
So lass, be true,
The world wants you,
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you both in the world, my dears,
A corner for you to fill;
And a work to do
Which no one but you,
In God's great plan, can fulfil;
So, dear, be true,
The world wants you,
And your place is waiting still.

—'S.S. Messenger.'

How to Work.

A writer in the 'Young Churchman' tells a story about the great painter Leonardo da Vinci, who was once employed by the emperor to produce a picture, which was to be finished by a certain time. After working for some time at his task, however, the artist absented himself from his studio for a week or more, doing apparently nothing towards completing the picture. The emperor hearing of this, sent a courtier to remonstrate with the painter, and, when the latter did not heed the remonstrance, commanded him to come into the royal presence.

'Why have you neglected the painting of the picture we have ordered, and which it is urgent shall be soon finished?' was the question sternly put to the artist.

'I have not neglected it, sire,' was the answer.

'But we know that you have not had brush in hand these eight days,' said the wondering emperor.

'True, sire,' said the artist, 'but nevertheless the picture has grown. The work of the brush is the least to be done in producing a painting. The last week I have been away from my studio it is true, but wherever I went that picture has been in my mind, and slowly, steadily, I have been getting in place the figures to be put upon the canvas. The picture, sire, will be done at the stated time.'

And it was. And this picture is to-day regarded as the greatest work of the famous painter.

We often as Christians go carelessly to the work, when we could best serve the cause we love by taking both our work and ourselves to the Father and in quiet asking his help and counsel in the duties before us, and his direction in carrying them out.

Ground to Powder.

A gentleman once told me of an incident that happened on the St. Lawrence river. Among the passengers on the boat was a loud and fluent talker who set up for an atheist. He cared more for disseminating his opinions than for viewing the scenery; but especially broke forth at dinner and occupied the time to the disgust of most of his hearers, asserting, among other things, that religion was an exploded superstition that men had outgrown; that in another fifty years, Bibles, churches, and piety, would be things of the out-worn past. 'They say,' he said, fiercely, 'that their Christianity shall become a mountain, and fill the whole earth. A stone growing! Yes, it will grow as much as any other stone,' and so on. He looked about for the effect of his words, and met the eyes of a lady whose whole face expressed horror. He said flippantly: 'Miss, I seem to have alarmed you; you look frightened.'

'I am,' she responded promptly, 'for you. "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."'

She did not wait for the effect of her words. They were spoken, not too loud, but with terrible intensity. With the last syllable, she sauntered out of the saloon. A profound silence fell on the company; and during this, our loud blasphemer slipped into his state-room.

Late in the evening I heard one gentleman say to another: 'Grind him to powder!' what a fearful expression; and how true! all history confirms it. Where are Egypt, Assyria, Chaldea, Greece, Rome, all the nations that forget God?

'Where are the bold blasphemers, from Pharaoh and Sennacherib to Julian and Judas, the apostates; and down to Voltaire, and Tom Paine?

'"Ground to powder!" And yet men dare to follow in their steps.'—Mrs. J. McNair Wright.

From Kok San, Korea.

(The Rev. F. S. Miller, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

I write to give you a little glimpse of missionary work. As I write, I am sitting on the warm floor of a little church, built by the Christians here, in a mountain village five days north of Seoul. The church consists of two wings, each 16x8 feet, roof of tiles and slate, floor heated from beneath by a system of flues, walls of sticks and straw rope, plastered with mud, doors and windows of lattice-work papered with tough paper. It will seat about one hundred people. I should have said that, according to Korean propriety, the women and girls occupy one wing, and the men the other.

The work here, humanly speaking, grew out of a book sold by Dr. Underwood to a man who came to buy quinine. The dealer in medicines bought the book out of politeness, and on his return home laid it away on a shelf and forgot all about it, but one day in a conversation with another merchant he mentioned having bought one of the foreigner's books. The other merchant, a Mr. Cho, asked to see the book, read it, and was led thereby to Christ, and from his drug-room preached the Gospel over the whole magistracy. The work grew still more rapidly when Mr. Cho obtained for it the pastoral care of Dr. Underwood, who had charge of it up to last year, when, since he had already more than he could do nearer Seoul, it was transferred to me. As the result—again speaking humanly—of the efforts of Dr. Underwood and of Mr. Cho, I had the pleasure of baptizing so far on this trip, fifty adults and nine infants, and of admitting twenty-four to the catechumenate. 'One soweth and another reapeth.'

Two Societies and how They Differed.

(The Rev. Howard B. Grose, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

I. THE SOCIETY THAT DIDN'T.

'It's no use, mother, and I'm never going to that society again! I don't believe in religion at all, and, if they've got it, I don't want it. I'm so wretched!' And Mildred Ferris buried her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

The wise mother allowed her excited daughter to sob it out, and then asked her what had happened. It was the same story over for the seventh time.

Mrs. Ferris, a widow who supported herself by dressmaking, with her only child, Mildred, had recently moved to Stonebrook, where she had promise of good custom. She found work in plenty, and liked Stonebrook, with one exception. She was a member of the church, and Mildred had been carefully trained, had always been in the Sunday-school, and in Ashford had become an associate member of the Christian Endeavor society, in which she was deeply interested, though she had not yet come to consider herself an out-and-out Christian such as she thought one ought to be before joining the church. In Stonebrook they had found a church of their denomination, and apparently a very attractive one, with a beautiful house of worship, a good preacher and kindly, and an especially nice-looking people. But that was about as near as the mother and her daughter got to them—to know their appearance.

Two months now they had been attending, and Mildred had entered a Sunday-school class, but aside from the pastor no one had called on them socially, nor had a soul but the sexton and one little old man, who always stood in the vestibule, spoken to the mother at a Sunday service. Nor were the girls any more social with respect to Mildred. She had a speaking acquaintance with the members of her Sunday-school class, but outside of the class they paid practically no attention to her, and perhaps without intending it made her feel that she was an intruder upon a nice little circle of comrades.

Christian Endeavor was just the same. She had gone with such bright anticipations, for the Ashford society had been so friendly, and everybody knew everybody else, or acted as if they did. Stonebrook, she soon felt, was not Ashford. No one had invited her to attend the Tuesday evening meeting; but she had gone, sure of a welcome, because she had heard Father Endeavor Clark once, and Professor Wells on another occasion, tell about the Endeavor principles and the Endeavor hospitality to all strangers, with many other things we all know about and sometimes forget to practise.

Alas! that first evening was one of the sore disappointments of her young life—for she was only a bit over sixteen, and too much must not be expected from inexperience. It is true she was spoken to, and pleasantly, by the leader of the meeting, and two others; but she was not asked whether she belonged to a Christian Endeavor society or would like to; and the moment the meeting was over two or three little groups gathered and began chatting and laughing, having the best sort of a time—while poor Mildred, envying them their comradeship, naturally social and pleasant and eager to become acquainted, stood by herself for a few moments unheeded, and then, scarcely able to restrain her tears, hastily left the room and fled home to have a long cry. She was very young, and also very lonesome, poor little girl. But, pray, how were the Endeavorers to know that? And they were having a good time together, and couldn't be expected to try to make talk with every shy or lonesome person that came in to a meeting, could they? Why, what do you expect of young people, who are young only once?

Mildred's mother did her best to put a different face on things; and next day Mildred grew bright again, and decided that she expected too much, and in time she would find friends. She was an attractive girl, and she certainly would have made her way rapidly enough if it had not happened that the young people of the Stonebrook church were set off in the cliquiest kind of cliques—each caring for its own members and no one else. This had become tacitly understood by those to the manor born, and strangers had to learn it. There wasn't any room in any clique for new interests.

Seven weeks Mildred had been to Christian Endeavor, and felt even more a stranger and forlorn than at first, because now they knew that she had been a member in Ashford and would like to join with them; and yet, while two or three bowed to her and said, 'Good evening,' they all shut her out from their circles as markedly as ever. And now the girl's spirit was broken; she had become suspicious that it was because her mother was a dressmaker and in humble circumstances; and she had begun to despise their religious profession. All of which was wrong and bad, no doubt; but she was a very young girl, remember; and some of her elders have occasionally felt the same way without greater provocation.

Mrs. Ferris had been watching the course of events, in order to make sure that Mildred was not in fault; she had made some inquiries among her acquaintances, formed outside of the church where she had been attending; and now she was ready to make an experiment. To go on as at present would be, she felt, to drive Mildred away from the church, and perhaps harden her heart against Christianity altogether.

So, after Mildred had grown quiet, Mrs. Ferris told her she need not go to the Winter Street Church any more. She thought they were good people, and did not mean to be unkind or unsocial; but they had their own friends and interests, which was natural, and did not seem to care much about having any strangers come among them. The next Sunday they would try Bond Street Church, which had an Endeavor society, and was said by the neighbors to be a very warm-hearted church. Only, Mildred must not expect too much.

'No,' said Mildred, still bitterly, 'I never will expect anything any more from Christians, mother; and I don't want to go.'

But Mildred was both too sensible and too sociable to stay in this mood long, and fortunately also was young—for young folks get over hard places like this more easily than older ones, having the natural buoyancy of youth to help them.

(To be continued.)

Queen Victoria on Sermons

On the first occasion of preaching before the Queen, says Dean Pigou, I asked counsel from the Dean of Windsor. I gathered that Her Majesty greatly disliked the feeling that she should be preached at, or that the service should be, as it were, for herself alone. Another Court friend said: 'Take the sermon you preached to us last Sunday. That is the sort of sermon the Queen likes, plain and practical. You could not have had her in view when you wrote it.'

I went down to Windsor, the guest of Dean Wellesley, and preached on St. Mark vii., 24: 'He entered into an house, and would have no man know it; but he could not be hid'—'The Power of Unostentatious Piety.' Her Majesty graciously expressed a wish to have the sermon printed for private circulation, and sent me a message through the Dean 'that she would like to hear me again; and hoped'—alas for me!—'that I would be less nervous and less hurried.'—Dean Pigou.

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Colonel Younghusband's Route to Gyangtse—The 'Sun,' New York.
Armed Peace Missions—England's 'Diplomatic' Mission to Tibet has many Precedents—By an ex-Attache, in the 'Tribune,' New York.
Tibet: The Land of Mystery—By Sir Henry Cotton, K.C.S.I., in the London 'Opinion.'
The New Relations of England and France—The 'Sun,' New York.
Chinese Labor Problem—Letter from Lord Hugh Cecil—The 'Morning Post,' London.
White, Black and Yellow in the Transvaal—By Canon Scott-Holland, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Bishop Gore on the National Character—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Saghalien, the Convict-Isle where Russian Murderers Go—Extract from 'In Search of a Siberian Klondike,' 'Century' Company.
The Czar's Asiatic Satraps—By Howard Konnedy, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
A Foregone Conclusion—Roosevelt's Nomination—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Unknown Quantities—Is a Candidate Strong Because Unknown?—The 'Nation,' New York.
Judge Parker and David B. Hill—The New York 'Sun.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Looking Back on the Elgar Festival—By 'W. B. S.' in the 'Pilot,' London.
With a BB. Pencil—By John o' London, in 'T. P.'s Weekly.'
Degenerate Drama—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Life's Tavern—Poem, by Mary Burt Messer, in the 'Atlantic Monthly,' Boston.
The Winter is Past—Sonnet, by Josiah Rice Taylor.
New Daffodils—Poem, by T. H., in the 'Westminster Gazette,' London.
Lord Acton's Letters—Comments from English Papers.
A Mental Biography—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Educational Paradoxes—By Andrew Lang, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
The Season's Best Book of Stories—The Reminiscences of Sir Archibald Geikie, by A. M., in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Tok-Neeps—Extract from 'The Vanguard,' a novel by James S. Gale, author of 'Corean Sketches.'
Jerry, a Poacher—By Edward S. Tyles, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Freedom of Wealth—The 'Outlook,' New York.
Sins of Good People—Address by Canon Beeching—The 'Guardian,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE

Huxley's Work and Influence—Lecture by Sir Michael Foster—The Birmingham 'Daily Post.'
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A Tale of the Littlest Mouse.

The littlest mouse lived with his father and mother and little brothers in a small round nest in a field. He was very happy, playing in the field all day and going to sleep so snug and warm at night in his little grassy nest.

One day there came to visit them a big, sleek, fat, gray mouse,—a cousin who lived in a house on the other side of the street. The little field mice was over-awed.

'You would never be satisfied being here if you saw my house,' he said to them. 'Such feasts as we have! There is always cheese in the dresser.'

The little mice opened their eyes. Very often in their home there was not enough food to go around. They knew what it was to go hungry to bed.

After the cousin had gone the children asked their parents:

'Why can't we live in a house, and have more than we want to eat?'

'Why can't we be fat, and have a fine gray coat like cousin's?'

But the wise parents said: 'Don't be carried away by such tales. Your cousin is proud and makes the most of his good things. He didn't tell you about the cat that lives in the house, and has eaten three of his family. He didn't tell you of the big steel trap laid around.'

The littlest mouse thought differently. His parents did not understand, he thought. He wanted to find out for himself. So that night, after they had been snugly tucked in bed and his parents had gone to sleep, he stole softly out across the dark field and into the street to his cousin's house.

The littlest mouse had explained how he had stolen over, and that he wanted to see the life his cousin had told him about.

'Well,' said the big, gray mouse, 'come with me, and I'll show you around; but look out for the cat!'

They started on their journey through the big house; and the littlest mouse opened his eyes in wonder, and said many times that he wished he, too, might live there.

'You're happier where you are,' said his cousin, shortly.

At last they reached the dining-room. There had been a midnight supper and the maids had let it stand till morning. Here was a feast! There was pie, and cake, and crackers, and cheese. Five other mice were there enjoying the good things all of them sleek and fat as the cousin. The littlest mouse followed their example, and began to enjoy himself too. But just as their fun was at its height, there was a scuffle, a squeal, and a scampering; for a big gray cat bounded into the room, and caught the mouse nearest the door.

Wild with fright the other mice scampered away from the dangerous room, leaving their poor little comrade in the fearful clutches of the cat. They flew to their holes, the big, gray cousin making room for the littlest mouse with him; and there they stayed scarcely daring to breathe, for a long time.

At last they ventured out again into the kitchen, and while the cousin nosed around, the little mouse spied a big piece of cheese in what he thought was a beautiful case. He made a dive for the tempting bit.

'Snap! Click! The littlest mouse was fast.

'Help! help! he cried.

The cousin ran to the rescue,

'Oh, you silly mouse!' he cried. 'You'll never get out. They'll come in the morning and give you to the cat. Oh, it was just so with your poor cousin.'

The littliest mouse was wild with fright. He struggled and he wriggled. Something sharp had cut his foot, but he hardly felt the pain. If he could only get loose and back to his own home! Would he ever see it again? He twisted in and out. Desperately he wriggled until slowly, but surely, inch by inch, he finally worked himself out.

'That's because you're such a little fellow,' said the cousin, joyful-

SAMUEL POURING OIL ON DAVID'S HEAD.

'Although David was the very youngest, yet God chose him. None of us are too little to do something for God.

ly. 'I never could have got out.'

With a hurried good-by the littlest mouse ran, as fast as his bruised leg would let him, out of the house and across to his home. His mother had wakened and missed him. How glad she was to see him! She cared for the poor, sore foot, then wrapped him snugly in his little grass bed, where he went to sleep, happy and safe, resolving never to leave his home again.—'Kindergarten Review.'

Cinders and Tears.

Fanny and I were hurrying through the dusty streets. She was carrying a bundle of laundry, I was taking a bundle of copy to the editor.

Suddenly I stopped short in the wind, blinded by a flying cinder that had struck full against the eyeball and then tucked itself away under the lid. The pain was intense. Instinctively my hand went up, but it was arrested on the way and firmly held.

'Please, Miss Hester, just let it be a minute.'

'But it hurts—awfully! Maybe I can turn the lid and get it out,' I cried trying to unclasp her fingers

'No, you can't. Of course, it hurts, I know. But just stand here a minute and keep your eye shut—the tears are coming. Be patient, Miss Hester, just a minute now and it will be out.'

And she was right. After a brief space of intense pain tears flowed, and with them the cinder flowed out. We gathered up our bundles and went on.

'A simple remedy, Fanny. I never did that before.'

'And you 'most always have trouble, don't you?'

'Yes, indeed,' calling to mind several occasions when 'something in my eye' had caused me much misery and inconvenience.

'Mother taught me that ever since I was little. She used to hold my hands until I was able to control them for myself. It counts for far more things than eyes, too.'

'What things?' I asked, willing enough to draw out my friend, whose homely, practical illustrations had been of service to me before.

Oh, hurts and things. I don't suppose you get many of them, miss, but any one who works as I do, gets many little cuts. People don't mean to be unkind. But there are mean things—sharp words and cross looks—like cinders, flying all about, "in the air," people say, and now and then I catch them, through my eyes and ears, into my heart.'

'And then what do you do?'

'"Rub my eyes with my elbow," you know. Keep our hands away from the hurt. It is easier to get angry when people find fault or snub you just because they don't know any better. If I'd let you rub that cinder in, Miss Hester, you might be blind still. So mother taught me to be patient, to shut my eyes, stand still, keep my hands down, let the tears come, and then—why, it's all over, you know.'

Wise little friend! Would I had your patience and grace, to shut my eyes—in prayer it might well be!—stand still and let the tears come, rather than press the cinder of unkindness, ignorance or thoughtlessness into my soul by angry protest, impatient resentment, and retort. These make what would be a passing pain a positive harm.

Friend, rub your eyes with your elbow.—'Michigan Advocate.'

Christobel.

A Story for Children, in 'Sunday at Home.')

(Continued.)

And so Uncle Chris took his little niece on his knee, and made her tell him her story, this time from beginning to end.

He did not laugh at her as others would have done; he seemed to be thinking about it.

'And from that minute did things go easily?' he said.

'Why, no!' Chrissie replied, 'they're often very hard; but I feel nearer to God when I do my best.'

'That's true, little one!' gravely rejoined the soldier, 'and don't you give in!'

Uncle Chris had a medal for good service, which he had just received. He was showing it to Chrissie; and as she examined it, she said:—

'I should like to be a soldier, like you, Uncle Chris!'

'You can be a brave little soldier, Chrissie: and if you go on well with your battles, who knows but I may be a better soldier too?'

And when Uncle Chris went away again, he went thinking of the little soldier he had left behind—so different from the little girl he had once known. She was growing unselfish and cheerful and good, and he knew what hard battles she fought. And Chrissie, in her turn, thought of her good soldier, Uncle Chris, fighting far away, and remembered what he had said, and prayed that God would make her a brave soldier too.

After a time Chrissie's brothers and sisters began to find out that the games were more successful when she played with them; and her governess began to think she was not such a stupid little girl after all. She now took more trouble to do her lessons well: in fact she found it so pleasant when her governess told her she was getting on nicely, that she took more trouble than ever to please her; and Chrissie was rewarded by growing to love her lessons, instead of disliking them as she had done before!

She knew she must wait till she was bigger to help the poor children she had seen in her dream; but when her mother offered to take her to see the children in a hospital, she did not refuse as she had done once before! and she loved to save her old toys for children worse off than herself. Her little brothers and sisters learnt to copy her; and she used to read stories in the children's magazines about the poor little heathen; and she and her little sisters and brothers grew so interested that their missionary-box grew quite heavy with pennies! So you see what a lot of good came from Chrissie's example; and she learnt to understand that Heaven around her came from the light within.

As she grew older, Christobel grew more Christlike, and those with whom she came in contact were made happier by the sweetness of her life!

THE END.

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LESSON VI.—MAY 8.

Watchfulness.

Luke xii., 35-48.

Golden Text.

Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching. - Luke xii., 37.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 2.—Luke xii., 35-48.
Tuesday, May 3.—I. Thess. v., 1-13.
Wednesday, May 4.—Rev. iii., 1-12.
Thursday, May 5.—Is. v., 11-23.
Friday, May 6.—Rom. xiii., 1-14.
Saturday, May 7.—Rom. xiv., 13-23.
Sunday, May 8.—Matt. xxiv., 36-51.

35. Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning;

36. And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.

37. Blessed are those servants whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.

38. And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants.

39. And this know, that if the goodman of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not have suffered his house to be broken through.

40. Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.

41. Then Peter said unto him, Lord, speakest thou this parable unto us, or even to all?

42. And the Lord said, Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season?

43. Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.

44. Of a truth I say unto you, that he will make him ruler over all that he hath.

45. But and if that servant say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat the menservants and maidens, and to eat and drink, and to be drunken;

46. The lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him, and at an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him in sunder, and will appoint him his portion with the unbelievers.

47. And that servant, which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes;

48. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required: and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Though this is the regular temperance lesson, it is a part of the series we have been studying, and comes in its place.

Christ is still continuing in his Perean ministry, which draws toward its close. We do not know the exact place at which he spoke the words of the lesson, but they were drawn forth by one of the company about the Master suddenly asking him to interfere in a dispute with his brother about an inheritance. Luke xii., 13.

After answering the man directly, and then uttering a general warning against covetousness, and giving the parable of the rich man, Christ turned to his disciples and addressed them concerning dependence upon God to supply their earthly wants, rather than upon the accumulation of wealth. After urging the laying up of treasure in Heaven, the Master proceeds with the words of this lesson.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 35-38. 'And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord.' Different lessons bring out teachings upon such specific subjects as faith, forgiveness, self-sacrifice, etc. The special message to-day is watchfulness. But it is not watchfulness for a vague, uncertain, unknown thing or event, but for a definite fulfillment of a promise, the coming return of Christ to this earth.

The figure in these verses is that of Oriental servants in their flowing robes waiting for the return of the Master from the wedding. The clothing worn by people of the East on such occasions made it necessary for them to gird it up when any activity was called for. These servants are represented as ready for their Master's return. They know he is coming, but the exact hour is not revealed to them, so they wait attentive and with loins girded about, ready to respond to his knock when he comes.

Notice the repetition of the blessing pronounced upon the servants that are so found, and compare this with the plight of another sort of servants, who were unready. Matthew xxv., 1-13.

To-day we hear much sneering at the doctrine of Christ's return, but the spiritual lamps of the foolish servants are simply going out. Such opposition is itself a fulfillment of prophecy. As Peter says, 'knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, And saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.' II. Peter iii., 3, 4.

39-40. 'And this know, that if the goodman of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched.' Here Christ uses another figure of speech. So unexpected will his coming be to the careless and indifferent, that it will be like the attack of a thief, without warning.

The hour of his return will not be published beforehand. We cannot even predict the year or the decade, hence the command, 'Be ye therefore ready also.' Not, 'Get ready,' or 'Prepare yourselves by a certain time,' but, 'Be ready.'

41-48. 'Who then is that faithful and wise steward?' Peter interrupts to ask a question, 'Lord, speakest thou this parable unto us, or even to all?' Did this command to watch apply merely to the twelve, or was it for every faithful servant of Christ. Christ replies with a question, 'Who then is that faithful steward?' etc. He answers his own question, 'Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.'

In Mark xiii., 37, Christ says, 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.'

Notice in verse 44, how the blessing, pronounced three times in this lesson upon those that are watching, is again more fully explained. In verse 37 the Lord makes them sit down at the table, and serves them himself. In verse 44 he says of the servant who is found watching, 'Of a truth I say unto you he will make him ruler over all that he hath.' So high, then, is the virtue of watching for our Lord, that it has its peculiar recognition and reward.

'But and if that servant say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming,' etc. If the faithful watcher is to be rewarded, what of the one that is indifferent, doubting or disbelieving? Note, in verse 45, what sort of conduct naturally follows the giving up of watchfulness—drunkenness and brutality. In other words, low forms of selfishness stand ready to come in, when faith, and obedience to the coming Lord's commands, are neglected.

One of the great causes of worldliness and spiritual coldness in the church to-day is that the doctrine of the Lord's return is despised and those who hold it have to endure the contempt and opposition of their fellow church members who deride it. The unfaithful servant is simply fulfilling verse 45.

'The Lord of that servant will come in a day when he looketh not for him.' The servant's disbelief will not prevent the return of his Lord, nor the punishment such conduct calls for.

Verses 47 and 48, must not be taken to indicate that any guilty will escape, but rather that those who have done the greatest wrong will suffer the most severe punishment.

The lesson for May 15 is 'The Prodigal Son,' Luke xv., 11-24.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 8.—Topic—Crowns trodden underfoot. Isa. xxviii., 1-7; Rev. iii., 11.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE PUNISHMENT OF SIN.

Monday, May 2.—Disobedience punished. Gen. iii., 13-19.

Tuesday, May 3.—Evil-doing punished. Ps. xxxiv., 16.

Wednesday, May 4.—No peace to the wicked. Isa lvii., 20, 21.

Thursday, May 5.—'The soul that sinneth.' Ezek. xviii., 20-23.

Friday, May 6.—'The wages of sin.' Rom. vi., 19-23.

Saturday, May 7.—Achan's punishment. Josh. vii., 10-26.

Sunday, May 8.—Topic—A story of the punishment of sin. Gen. xix., 12-29; Luke xviii., 28-30.

Sabbath-School Books.

(A. D. Walker, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

We enter a plea for the Sunday-school books that seem to be disappearing from view. Where are they? Why do we have in their place secular histories, poets, novels, classical and ordinary, etc.? All these have their uses in the education of children, but ought not the Sunday-school books be strictly religious books? The fact of the books coming from the Sunday-school library is to the child an endorsement of its being right to peruse them in holy time.

Many a child has been greatly aided religiously by the dear old Sunday-school books. If a child, with all its plastic nature, reads a book which tells him or her of another child who fought to master faults, and by prayer and watchfulness overcame them, that child is probably led to think how she or he can overcome like faults.

If Johnnie is given to selfishness and reads of George's overcoming love for self, and finding himself far happier and better for it, is not Johnnie likely to be quickened to thoughtfulness in regard to this matter?

In these books, woven in with healthful stories, the most important lessons are taught and often the plan of salvation is unfolded.

We knew a dear young girl, who, when yet barely in her teens, became a thoughtful Christian. And this truly lovely young creature said, 'I owe it all to a Sunday-school book which told of a young girl who early sought and found the Saviour. I was so impressed by her and her efforts to do right, that I determined to follow her example.' A genuine Sunday-school book has been a book that seeks with a story to teach these invaluable lessons to the young, of which we have been speaking; and we deem it a matter of great regret that it should be thought out of date.

Formerly the dear boys and girls might profitably spend the afternoon Sabbath hours with their Sunday-school books, but now if they do this, they are likely to spend them in secular reading. And this leads them to esteem the Sabbath only as an ordinary day. And they do need to be taught to honor the Sabbath.

If these books are in general simple in style, it is not derogatory to them; but rather in their favor. They do not work up the imagination unnaturally, but help it to keep an even tone. They are often far from classical in composition, but we believe that they have been a power for good among the young; and have never perverted the taste for a high style of literature. They are religious and full of Biblical teaching; and 'the entrance of the Word giveth light,'—'giveth understanding to the simple.'

Give us our dear old Sunday-school books, we pray; don't let them pass into oblivion. They can be just as useful to the rising generation as they have been to us. Leave the poets, the classical novels, the secular histories, etc., for the week days but let the dear children learn to read only religious books upon the Sabbath. Then they will be more, yes, much more, likely to preserve the love for the Bible. They have often learned from the Sunday-school book to put a higher estimate upon the sacred pages.

In all consistency, ought not the Sunday-school library be a strictly religious library?

The Planting of the Vine.

A LEGEND.

The flood was over; rich the soil,
That promised recompense to toil;

The legends of the Talmud say,
That Noah, digging hard, one day,

Was asked by Satan what he sought,
As with perspiring face he wrought.

'I plant the grape,' the patriarch said,
As from his toil he raised his head.

Said Satan, 'I a favor ask,
Let us together share this task.'

The tired man could not say nay,
And so the devil had his way.

A bleating lamb he caught and killed
And on the vine its blood he spilled.

'Henceforth,' said Satan, 'lamblike be,
O vine, who tasteth fruit of thee.'

A lion's blood then wet the vine
That it might bring forth royal wine.

'Bold as a lion shall he be
Who sippeth sparingly of thee,

'O vine, whose clustering cups shall hold
Juice worthy to be drunk from gold.'

A pig that rooted on the plain,
Was next by Satan caught and slain.

Upon the vine its blood was shed,
And as it flowed hell's monarch said:

'Who drinketh to excess of thee,
O vine, a very swine shall be.'

Through all the ages since that time,
In every nation, every clime,

Whorever wise doth fill the cup,
Man gives his better nature up.

The lamb, with trembling, timid feet,
Before the lion doth retreat.

The lion to a swine doth turn
When wine in man's proud veins doth burn.

Who drinketh once will drink again,
For Satan tempteth not in vain.

Who drinketh wine his soul to bless,
Full often drinketh to excess.

His soul he bindeth with a chain
That few indeed can rend in twain.
—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

A Murder.

When John B. Gough was speaking in Norwich, Connecticut, once, he referred to a local incident. Mrs. Falkner had told him some facts concerning her son. The young man, it seems, had been a drunkard, but signed the pledge. To get away from the influence and power of his old drinking companions, he left home and went to a distant city. After he had been away two years his mother received a letter, which contained the glad news that he was coming home to spend Thanksgiving with her. How the joy welled up in her fond mother's heart! 'My boy is coming home! My boy is coming home for thanksgiving!'

The young man came by the stage into the town, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parson's tavern. He got out. It was after dusk. Some young men were standing by.

'Hello, Fred. How are you, old boy! What will you take to drink?'

'Nothing, thank you.'

'Not on Thanksgiving! Come, take a glass.'

'No, I'd rather not. I've come to see mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark, and then go in and surprise the old lady.'

Solomon Parsons spoke up, and said, 'Fred. Falkner, if I were six feet tall, and broad in proportion, as you are, and yet was afraid of ale, I'd go to the woods and hang myself.'

'But I am not afraid.'

'Oh, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha! I say, boys, here's a big fellow afraid of a glass of ale. I suppose he's afraid of his mother—ha! ha! ha!'

Though possessing the strength of mind to keep his pledge when let alone, he could not stand ridicule. They handed him a glass of liquor, and dared him to drink it.

'Well,' he said, 'I am going to mother now, but I'll show you I am not afraid to drink the stuff.'

He drank it; then came another, and still they plied him with it. Twelve o'clock that night he staggered into a barn, and was found there in the morning—dead! 'My boy is coming home for Thanksgiving!'

Having stated the facts, Gough continued: 'Ladies and gentlemen, Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkner to his ruin—Solomon Parsons, who staggered through life under the awful weight of that poor mother's curse—is in this hall to-night, and he sits right there! This same Solomon Parsons still keeps a grog-shop on the bridge of your town, licensed by the State. Men of Connecticut, rout him out!'

Parsons slunk from the hall and hurried home. In less than twenty-four hours, he and his bag and baggage, license and all, were carted out of the town, escorted by an indignant throng.—'Forward.'

A Bartender Won Sympathy

(The Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., in 'Endeavor Herald.')

In a discourse on one occasion, discussing the reasons why the liquor-saloon should be closed on Sunday, I stated that the great army of bartenders ought at least to have one day in seven to remember that they were something more than purveyors to the self-indulgent habit of others; that surely they needed, as much as anyone, one day in the week to recall their duty to God.

This discourse was printed in the papers of the city, and that week a bartender wrote me a very thankful letter, giving me a number of instances out of his own experience to show how hard was his position, and telling me how he loathed the business, but that he did not know how to get out of it. I answered his letter kindly, and asked him to call and see me.

He came to see me, and expressed great surprise that I should take such an interest in him. I found him a good, straightforward fellow, who had got into this bad business because he had been a long time out of work, and felt that he must do something to keep from starving. I had a long talk with him, and he decided to give up his business, and did so that very day. He found another position in the course of a few days, at good, honest work, and a few days later united with the church. The last time I saw him he said: 'It was your kind letter, reached out to me like a loving hand, that pulled me out of the saloon.'

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Anti-Treating Law.

VERMONT STATE ATTEMPTS TO SUPPRESS THE BARBAROUS HABIT.

(The 'Union Signal.')

The editor of an Atlantic City (N.J.) paper, who, in referring to what he styles the real victory of the prohibition party on incorporating into the Vermont license law a clause making it illegal for one man to treat another, says:

'Treating, which is essentially an American barbarism, is responsible for more drunkenness than all the other elements combined. Any toper or moderate drinker will tell you that, and prove it. If treating could be abolished practical temperance would be achieved, and drunkenness would decrease ninety percent.'

Every evil must masquerade in the robes of some virtue in order to make itself attractive to its victims. The so-called good fellowship and social features of the saloon may cause many a man to lose sight of its vicious nature. Deprive the liquor business of this social life, of which treating forms so large a part, and a great percent of its custom would be cut off.

To the politician who regards the saloon as a sort of stock exchange, where he can buy or sell his political wares with profit to himself, the place would lose half its attraction.

To the commercial traveller and the agent for large business enterprises, who look upon the custom of treating as a legitimate means of recommending their wares via their customers' stomach, the dramshop would cease to be a place of interest.

To the 'good fellow' who knows no language of friendliness save the offering of a 'glass of drink,' the bar would cease to be alluring.

To the youth who has not yet acquired a habit for strong drink, nor a habit of saloon-visiting, it would be robbed of its enticements, for treating is the avenue by which a majority of drinkers, urged on by counterfeit friends, approach the liquor dispensary.

The man who had cut loose from the habit of drinking would find his task of reform made easy, freed from the temptation of seductive 'treats' by the 'boys.'

It would, above all, make every man responsible for his own self-indulgence, and would do much to clear away the cloud of mawkish sentimentality that from the days of the worship of Bacchus as the deviniy of conviviality, has obscured the loathsomeness and vileness of the custom of drinking.—'Union Signal.'

'They talk of the man behind the gun,
And the deadly work that he has done;
But much more deadly work, by far,
Is done by the fellow behind the bar.
They talk of the man behind the gun—
Yet only in battle his work is done;
But never ceases, in peace or war,
The work of the man behind the bar.'
—'Waif.'

Canon Wilberforce on High License.

I am utterly unable to understand the value of this compromise which you call high license. I don't understand how the taking of license money from a wrong can make it morally or financially right. I feel that the candid moralist is forced to the conclusion that the liquor traffic is wrong; that to license or to tax is to authorize; that to authorize wrong cannot be right; hence that all license, high or low, is morally and politically wrong. Believing this, I for one, cannot accept high or low license under any conditions.

Correspondence

Attleboro, Mass., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—As we have taken the 'Messenger' in our family for over fifteen years, I believe every one should know how much we think of it. We moved from New Brunswick to this country one year ago. We notice a great difference between the two countrys. Along the roads here are grape-vines and apple trees, and for fences they have stone walls. A brook runs past. Below this is a cranberry bog. I have four brothers and three sisters. We have lots of fun in the evening playing games.

EVELYN M. J. (aged 10).

Farquhar.

Dear Editor,—I had a very pleasant trip last fall, 'time of the fair,' and on the way we passed many fine farms and buildings. I enjoyed myself very much at the exhibition. They had a number of the Queen's presents which she received at the Jubilee. The ones I thought were the prettiest were beautiful saddles trimmed with diamonds and emeralds, and the Russian footstools.

I attend Sunday-school regularly. We have a very large one in the summer, and at that season there is sometimes 150 of the scholars present. The general assembly have offered a diploma to any one in our Sunday-school who will say the Shorter Catechism at one sitting. Of course, our Sunday-school takes the 'Messenger,' and we all prize it very highly. I think it is indeed a true 'messenger.' My favorite books are the ones written by Ralph Connor and Amy Lafeuvre. Wishing you all success,

M. D. G. L. (aged 11).

San Juan, Cal., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I am getting along finely in school. I am in the sixth grade, and my brother Fred is in the second grade. He received a Christmas present of Bible Stories, and we like to read them very much. We like the 'Messenger,' too. Mamma reads the long pieces for papa and us. Fred and I have got a gun each, and we go hunting on Saturdays; but we have to be very careful.

CHARLES B. W.

Thornby, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and three brothers. We live near the lumbering country, and it is very hilly and stony here, with great large trees of all kinds. My grandpa and grandma are both living yet. My grandpa has taken the 'Witness' since before my mother remembers.

MABLE H. (aged 7).

Myrtle, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy thirteen years old. I live on a farm about three miles from town. I have two dogs, their names being Darky and Whopper. They are both black. I have three brothers and seven sisters. I live on the prairie.

MARVIN H. B.

Dalkeith, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a gasoline engine at the station. They grind the grain as it comes in. I was in Montreal once to get my eyes tested, and I have to wear glasses now. I liked Montreal very well, except for all the cars there. I was nine years old on Christmas eve.

NORA F. M.

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I suppose I am different from most girls, but my favorite poems are pathetic. I am very fond of that one of Longfellow's entitled 'Evangeline.' I am very fond of reading, but as I am much inclined to read too much, I am only allowed to read on Saturdays and Sundays. We built a new house last year, but as it was not finished till cold weather began we have not had time to make improvements on the outside. I am looking forward to the warm weather, so that I can begin making flower-beds. My favorite flowers are roses and pansies. I am very fond of wild flowers. Every summer my class at school goes out after wild flowers, and I enjoy these expeditions very much. I always bring home wild flowers and make a garden of them.

I like playing the old-fashioned game of hide-and-go-seek in the summer, especially in the evening; but in winter I mostly play snowballing or sleigh-riding or skating. I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on August 15, the same day as Sir Walter Scott's. My name is Georgina Helen, after my father and mother, and surely I should be like one of them; but I am not, only my hair is auburn like my mother's.

GEORGINA HELEN T.

Pettapiece, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, and I don't think I would like living in the city at all. I have five sisters and one brother. My two eldest sisters are married; my second eldest sister was married about two weeks ago, so I have only one sister and one brother older than myself and two younger. I am twelve years old, the same age as Edith M. J., and as she would like to correspond with some girl in Canada, I would like very much to correspond with her. My eldest sister's name is Edith. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. It must be funny living near the sea. My only grandmother that I remember died three months ago, at the age of eighty-two.

GUSSIE S.

Ravenna, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' When I wrote my last letter I said that my mother had been to the Old Country, and that my father was going too. He came home in May, bringing my cousin along with him to learn farming. My uncle came from England, and went to Paris, Ont., where he stayed for the summer and fall, and then came to our place about a month before Christmas. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister's name is Jessie and my brother's names are John and Roy. I am ten years old, and will be eleven in about four months. This is a very pretty place in the summer time, as there is Euphrasie Mountain at the west, and at the east you have to go down Blue Mountain to get to Collingwood, which is about eleven and a half miles from here. Our windmill ran away and we could not stop it, so my father had to stay out in the barn and keep the hopper filled. But after supper my brother John thought he could stop it, which he did by putting a chain around the shaft.

AGNES EVA B.

Marriott's Cove.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible you sent me for four subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger.' I think it is a very nice Bible. Thank you kindly for it. I mean to make the Bible more of a study. My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' I think it is a good paper for both old as well as young.

H. C. E.

North-East Point, Cape Sable Is., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have had a very bad winter, about one fine day, then a storm. This is only a small place, but is very pretty in the summer. Quite a few tourists come here. I have two aunts, one uncle and a lot of cousins in the United States. My father and one brother are fishermen, and go lobster fishing in winter, but have not done anything scarcely this winter. My other brother is a merchant. We only have service once a fortnight in our church as our minister has to cross the passage between Barrington and Cape Sable Island. I have no grandmothers or grandfathers. We have a lot of plants this winter, and a lot in summer outdoors. I have three sisters married, and one of them has three little boys and a girl. One of them married a Suede, who is an engineer. One of my sisters has a dog, and they are teaching him tricks. He can jump through a hoop, sit up in a chair, roll and 'speak,' he is a cute little dog.

ENA G. W. (aged 9).

Salisbury.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy aged nine years. I live on a farm about four miles from the village of Salisbury. I have three brothers and one sister. My birthday is on the third day of April, and I would like a birthday verse. We have no school here this winter because we could not get a teacher. We have Sunday-school in the schoolhouse in the summer, but it is closed for three months in the winter. My brother and I visited grandpa last summer, and we had a splendid time. My brother and I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and like it very much.

GORDON H.

Head Wallace Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter. The first must have gone in the waste paper basket. I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and I think it is a lovely paper. The story about Daphy is fine; I can hardly wait for it. For pets I have one dog, two cats, a colt, whose name is Tony. I have no brothers or sisters, so I play with my dolls. I have eight of them.

JOSEPHINE C.

Montreal.

Dear Editor,—My sister and I would like very much to join your Royal League of Kindness that we read of in the 'Messenger' of Feb. 12. Trusting in Jesus we will try:—

To speak kindly to others.
To speak kindly of others.
To think kind thoughts.
To do kind deeds.

We get the 'Messenger,' and we enjoy papa or mamma reading the stories in the paper, which helps us to be good. Now we are beginning to read the stories ourselves. My sister is nearly 10 years old, and I am nearly twelve.

ROBERT & EDITH S.

Westport, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. My mamma lives about twenty miles from here, and sends it to me quite often. I live with my grandmother. We live on a farm near the village of Buttermilk Falls. My birthday is on July 28. The schoolhouse is on our farm. I have three sisters and one brother. I am now learning to play the organ, and can chord quite nicely. We have a dog named Colley and a colt named Fly.

MAGGIE M. C. (aged 10).

Billings Bridge.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy nine years of age. I am the eldest of the family. I have two brothers, Fred and Dean, and a sister whose name is Grace. Fred is next to me, and Dean next to him. Gracie is the baby. Billings Bridge is a nice place in summer. I wonder where Ruby R. lives here. I am sick a lot in the winter. I live in Wyoming Park. The school is not far from here. I have not gone this winter because I was sick. I think the 'Messenger' is a nice paper. Mother says when she was small she remembered reading 'Daph and Her Charge.' My mother said when I had a bottle of bad medicine, that if I took it without a fuss she would get me the 'Messenger' always because I like it. Wyoming Park is between the Rideau River and Rideau Canal. The 'Messenger' is so nice I do not know where to begin to read it. A little girl said that the girls were the only ones that wrote letters. I am sick, but I am writing this letter to fill up the boys' roll. Sunday-school is a good way off, over the Rideau River. I was born in Regina, Assiniboia. My brother Fred was born there, too. Dean was born in Ottawa, and Grace was also born there. I hope my letter is not too long. I find it very tiresome being forced to lie down all day long. I am very fond of reading. March came in like a lion.

GEORGE H. C.

Hawk Point, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible, and think it is a nice one. I have two sisters younger than I am. Their names are Hazel and Ellie. We have had a very cold winter. My birthday is on April 9. I will be nine years old.

EARL BRANDON S.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Bedroom.

When one considers that nearly a third of each day is, or ought to be, passed in sleep, it will be appreciated how important is the question of the place where the sleeping hours are passed. The body is believed to be less resistant to injurious influences during sleep than in waking hours, and therefore the bed and bedroom should be so arranged that the body may be shielded so far as possible from the assaults of disease at this time.

The location of the bed is important. It should, if possible, be placed with the head or foot against the wall, so that free access may be had to both sides. This is not only for convenience in making the bed, but also and especially that the sleeper may not get his face into a corner against the wall in such a way that he is forced to breathe over and over the air just exhaled from his lungs, and charged with poisonous matters.

For the same reason the bed should not be in an alcove, where the air stagnates and is almost impossible of renewal. The old days of closely drawn bed-curtains are fortunately all gone, but the alcove is almost as bad, especially if filled with a double bed occupied by two persons. A light iron or brass three-quarter bed, with a wire spring covered by a not too thick mattress, and standing in a thoroughly ventilated room, yet not in the direct draft, and occupied by but one person, is the ideal of hygienic night quarters.

It would seem hardly necessary at the present day to insist upon the need of keeping open windows—yet it is necessary, for the dread of the mysterious night air, charged with all sorts of mephitic vapors, has worked upon so many generations of our forefathers that it has become almost an instinct with some to shut it out of the bedroom. If the night air were poisonous there would be no safety anywhere, for it would sift in to some extent in spite of all precautions. But the night air is purer than the day air, and the more of it one draws into his lungs while he is asleep the better will he be able to contend against the dusty, smoky, carbonated day air of the city streets.

There are many devices for letting in air through cracks or between window-sashes, but there is nothing so good as the top sash lowered and the lower sash raised until the two are even, so that the fresh air can pour into the bedroom in the greatest possible volume.—'Youth's Companion.'

Provided For.

'Good wife, what are you singing for? You know we've lost the hay,
And what we'll do with horse and kye is more than I can say;
While, like as not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat.'
She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered, low and sweet:
'There is a heart, there is a hand we feel but cannot see;
We've always been provided for and we shall always be.'

He turned around with sudden gloom; she said, 'Love, be at rest;
You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best,
That was your work; you'd naught at all to do with wind and rain,
And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields of grain;
For there's a heart and there's a hand we feel but cannot see;
We've always been provided for and we shall always be.'

'That's a woman's reasoning—we must because we must.'
She softly said, 'I reason not; I only work and trust;
The harvest may redeem the day—keep heart whate'er betide;
When one door shuts, I've always seen another open wide.
'There is a heart, there is a hand we feel but cannot see;
We've always been provided for and we shall always be.'

He kissed the calm and trustful face, gone was his restless pain;
She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane,
And when about her household tasks full of glad content,
Singing to time her busy hands, as to and fro she went:
'There is a heart, there is a hand we feel but cannot see;
We've always been provided for and we shall always be.'

Days come and go—'twas Christmas tide, and the cheerful fires burned clear;
The farmer said, 'Dear wife, it's been a good and happy year;
The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought the hay, you know.'
She lifted then a smiling face and said, 'I told you so!
For there's a heart and there's a hand we feel but cannot see;
We've always been provided for and we shall always be.'
—'Waif.'

Childhood Notions.

(Ida M. Shepler, in the 'N. E. Homestead.')

Children are forming judgments of people all of the time from chance allusions made of them. And so often the judgment formed is not just. We are too ready to find fault with those we really respect, and in our hearts know the true worth of, and too chary of giving people the credit for good they deserve. The child hears of the faults and forms its ideas as to that person, and that person wonders why the child shrinks from him or gives pert answers instead of polite?

I remember silently noting slighting remarks made of a woman who was rather odd in her speech and dress. These remarks were made by a member of the family, whom, as a child, I looked on as knowing about all there was to be known. I had no use for that woman, and as the years went on my dislike increased, simply because of long nursing. At last chance, over which I had no control, set this woman and myself down in close quarters as companions. The first week I found myself wondering, the second week I was getting meekly ashamed that I had so long avoided and held her in half contempt; the next week I was congratulating myself on having found such a bright, loving friend, and shaking myself for not owning her long ago. So much for childish judgments and notions. One should be very careful how they speak before children.

The Care of the Sick Children

Shall we send the children to the hospitals, and will better care be afforded in that way? So long as the home is healthful and the mother well and able the answer is pretty nearly a unanimous negative. For the child, the comfort of the mother's presence and his trust in her and the comparative ease with which he can be cared for, make it as a rule a better thing to have home conditions. If the mother be nervous, however, or if she be poor and must neglect her child for her daily work, then by all means give the baby the benefit of quiet, skilful attendance and sunny rooms, and be sure he will be better off. A nurse having charge of the children's ward in a large hospital tells the writer that after once sending a child to them, the mother never hesitates to trust them with her little ones a second time.—Clara L. Came, in 'Good Housepeeking.'

Things Bad for the Lungs.

Dust and smoky or dusty places are bad. Dark, damp, or crowded rooms are bad. Dirty shops and stores, dirty saloons and dance-halls, dusty kinds of business, like marble-cutting, sorting feathers, or making cigars, are bad for weak lungs. To sit bent over one's sewing or other work is bad. Self-indulgence and intemperance are very bad. Vice which weakens the strong kills the weak.

THINGS GOOD FOR WEAK LUNGS.

Fresh air in plenty prevents consumption. Sunshine kills the germs. Choose sunny rooms. Open the windows and let the air in. Keep the house clean. If a consumptive has moved out of a room, have the Board of Health disinfect it. Be in the open air as often as can be. Outdoor work is vastly better than indoor work. Keep the feet dry. Breathe with deep, long, full breaths, so as to carry the fresh air to every corner of your lungs. Do this always for several minutes in the morning and at night. Breathe through the nostrils and not through the open mouth. Spend your money for simple and well-cooked food,—good fresh meat, eggs, oatmeal, rice, and other vegetables, and for bread and butter, milk and fruit. Do not spend money for beer or other liquors or for quack medicines or 'cures.' Live a regular life, and keep the bowels regular. Get plenty of sleep. Daily bathing is good. Keep clean company and a clear conscience. Courage is very important.—'Christian Register.'

How to Eat.

Don't bring worries to the table,
Don't bring anger, hate or scowls;
Banish everything unpleasant,
Talk and eat with smiling jowls.
It will aid your own digestion,
If you wear a smiling face;
It will jolly up the others,
If you only set the pace;
Knowing something funny, tell it;
Something sad, forget to knell it;
Something hateful, quick dispel it

At the table.

Care domestic, business troubles,
Ills of body, soul or brain;
Unkind thoughts and nagging tempers,
Speech that causes others pain,
Public woes and grim disasters,
Crimes and wrongs and right's defeat—
None of them are to be mentioned
When you sit you down to eat.
Knowing something funny, tell it;
Something sad, forget to knell it;
Something hateful, quick dispel it
At the table.
—'What to Eat.'

Compensation.

(Adelbert E. Caldwell, in 'Waif.')

When I hear you folks complaining,
That some others have more wealth
Than have you, I feel like asking,
'Would you swap it for your health?'
Though they may live in the suburbs,
Breathe a sweeter, clearer air,
I've no doubt that of some good things,
You have much the larger share!

Let them boast of lazy leisure,
Toiling no more than the flowers,
Would you give your nights of mending
For their empty, aimless hours?
When worn out for parents, children,
Till you seem a slave to Care,
Think how much more love—the purest,
Falls to you than is their share.

There's no use to be discouraged,
Foolish to be grieved, distressed—
If you don't have all the comforts,
That come crowding on the rest;
Earth is but the starting signal,
Keep a-smiling, do and dare,
And of Heaven's joys and pleasures,
You may get the largest share.

Worth Knowing.

Sausages are more digestible and free from grease if they are placed in a wire basket and cooked for five minutes in boiling water. Lift the basket and drain, pierce the sausage gently in several places, roll in flour and brown in a covered spider or bake in the oven in a covered pan. Pour off the superfluous grease as it collects, and when the sausages are nicely browned lift on a platter, pour off nearly all the grease in a bowl and prepare a thickened milk gravy in the pan.

Bacon is much better flavored and more digestible when cooked in the oven. Lay the thin slices with rind removed on a toasting rack and place the rack over a deep tin dripping pan. Set in a hot oven for from three to five minutes according to the thickness of the slices. When brown and crisp slide onto a platter, pour off the grease and use for frying bacon, or make

a thickened milk gravy in the pan. Cabbage, chopped very fine and boiled until tender and served in a deep dish with the bacon grease poured over it, for seasoning, and the slices used as a garnish, makes an appetizing cabbage dish which, with potatoes, makes a satisfying luncheon dish.—Mary Taylor Ross, in 'What to Eat.'

The Invalid's Tray.

(Miss M. Frances Rankin, in New York 'Observer.')

The preparation of the invalid's tray is a matter of great importance, and deserves the most careful consideration. Some one has said, 'a multiplicity of dishes confuses the palate.' However this may be true for the person in health, an attractive variation should mark and guard against a possible monotony for the convalescent. In cases of recovery from serious illness, it were wise to refer to the physician as to what the patient may or may not eat. The arranging of the tray should never be left to an incompetent maid, but by some interested member of the family when the nurse is not on hand.

The most scrupulous attention should be given to the nicety and daintiness of the tray itself, as well as to the method of preparing suitable and appetizing dishes. A snow white cover free from suspicion of soil is of paramount importance. Dainty china adds not only attraction for the eye, but appeals to the appetite.

Below are a few recipes which will prove favorable to digestion and delightful to the most dietary whims. But as hinted at the beginning, a non-professional should ever minister solid food without the approval of attending physician.

Cream Barley Soup.—Mutton from the neck is best. Remove all fat and cut the meat into small pieces. Allow three pints of cold water to two pounds of mutton. Cover, and when it reaches boiling point, set back off fire and simmer four or five hours. Let it cool, and when cold remove all remaining fat. Strain, season with salt. If desired, a few tablespoonfuls of barley may be added while cooking. A tablespoonful of cream added to each cupful, after warmed, will greatly increase its nutritive value and deliciousness.

Soft Boiled Egg.—The best way to boil eggs soft for any one, is to heat a bowl in oven till very hot. Stand egg into warm water just to remove chill, place egg in bowl, pour boiling water upon it, cover and let stand five minutes. If egg is not warmed a little first, it will crack when the boiling water is poured on it. This method of cooking egg, assures the white jelly like.

Flemish Cream.—To one teaspoonful of good gelatine, add one-half cupful of cold water. Set on stove to dissolve. Cool, and when it begins to thicken, whip one-half cupful of sweet cream, sweeten with powdered sugar. Flavor, and add to the gelatine, mixing thoroughly. Set on ice. It must be all beaten together just before serving, else the gelatine will settle. Is a nourishing delicacy.

Celery Bouillon.—One tablespoonful of corn starch, blended with a little fresh milk; add to this one pint of fresh milk, one pint of beef stock; one stalk of celery, chopped fine, salt and pepper. Place on fire, boil one minute. Strain before serving.

Delicious Egg Cream.—Place over a tumbler a sieve and turn into it the white of one egg; with spoon stir gently till egg runs through into tumbler. Fill tumbler with fresh milk, sweeten. Stir, until egg and milk assimilate, which they will do. Place on ice to cool.

Scraped Beef Sandwich.—Cut entire wheat bread very thin, spread with butter scantily, cut the bread then into dainty triangles and place scraped beef between the layers. A pound of beef off the 'round' is sufficient. Scrape with sharp steel knife. The patient will not know he or she is eating raw beef unless told. If preferred, the pulp beef may be made into cakes and scorchd over hot coals. This will be found most strengthening and appetizing when solid food can be given.

The Mother's Recess.

Set apart a little space of time in the midst of each forenoon, says a writer in 'The American Mother,' to forget all care, sweeping, baking, dinners, duties of all kinds, and just do what you want to.

Throw the tired body on the lounge or in the hammock, swinging on the porch, or take the easy chair with a book or a paper for companion, or go and sit on the door step in the sunshine and hear the birds sing to you, go out and gather a bunch of sweet peas for the rest of it, run in and chat with a neighbor if there is one near enough, or, best of all, if you are a child of the Father, take the Word to see what new message he has for you to-day.

Let the recess be as near as may be at a uniform time, then keep enjoying it in prospect till it comes.

Yes—, of course there will be someone to criticize you. Your mother-in-law will say you are 'getting shiftless;' a neighbor will add, 'Yes, I saw her reading a story when the rooms were topsy-turvy;' and may be even the 'gude man' will just wonder what has come over his model little wife. But do not mind. Quietly, if need be stubbornly, persist, and if at the close of twelve months you are not in effect a year younger instead of a year older than when you began your practice of recess, why then you can give up the habit and try some other way.

Selected Recipes.

Dates with Cream.—Dates, figs, and prunes can now be used for many desserts. A simple luncheon-dish is dates with cream, and it may be prepared in two ways. In either case the dates are to be stoned and washed. They may then be steamed until very tender, cooled and served with plain cream or gently stewed in a syrup (one-half of a cupful of sugar and three-quarters of a cupful of water to the pound of fruit), slightly flavored with vanilla and when cold served with whipped cream.

Scotch Cakes.—For Scotch cakes, which are very nice to serve with preserves, etc., only three ingredients are required—a cupful of butter, half a cupful of sugar, and one pound of flour. Mix the flour and the sugar. Beat the butter to a cream, and gradually beat it into the dry mixture. The new mixture will be stiff and brittle, and must be worked thoroughly with the hands until it becomes pliable. Sprinkle a board lightly with flour, and, laying half the mixture upon it, roll it down to the thickness of about half an inch. Cut into four parts, and pinch the edges with the fingers to make little scallops. Bake in a moderate oven. Be sure that the measurements are exact, and take care in mixing and baking.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents granted by the Canadian Government last week, obtained through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 86,376, Hubert M. Taylor, Hamilton, Ont., incandescent electric lamp; 86,383, Joseph Moreau, St. Germain de Grantham, Que., rossing machine; 86,408, John McIntosh, Alexandria, Ont., carriage pole; 86,442, Norbert Allard, Montreal, Que., safety device for elevators; 86,457, James Munro, New Glasgow, N.S., spring bed; 86,491, Ernst Abee, Bad-Nauheim, Germany, cardiac trusses; 86,503, Gustave Louis Mouchel, London, Eng., structures in or adjacent to water-ways.

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Holding Papers Together

(May Myrtle French, in 'New England Homestead.')

This little article is intended to use in temporarily fastening together half a dozen copies, more or less, of your favorite paper. It is made from a strong, straight, wire hair-pin, about 2½ inches long.

First bend up the ends, as shown, in such a manner that the loop made by the bend lies flat with the original shape of the pin. Then take a large nail or slate pencil, and lay it across the pin at the place shown by dotted line, and bend the top down until it comes between the 'legs' of the pin. Bend it until it goes a trifle beyond the level of the lower part of pin. This is in order to give it the necessary spring to hold the paper firmly.

Put together the papers to be fastened, slip two of these little articles over the backs, a short distance from each end, and your papers are snugly convenient.

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With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautiful colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture.**

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